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FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION  
OF '89.

*L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution.* Par  
Alexis de Tocqueville. Paris: 1856.

"THE purpose of the work," says the author, "which I present to the public, is to show why this great Revolution, which was preparing at the same time over almost the whole continent of Europe, broke out among us rather than elsewhere; why it proceeded, as it were, of itself, out of that society which it was going to destroy; and how, finally, the old monarchy could fall so completely and so suddenly." This volume is not a history, but what the French call a study (*une étude*) on the Revolution; a kind of work most useful when it is the result of labor such as the author has bestowed, and of judgment such as he possesses in a high degree. There are men still alive, who were of mature age when the first French Revolution (1789) surprised the world; but so great have been the changes in Continental Europe, and even in Great Britain, since that time, that we seem as if we were ages removed from the ante-revolutionary period. Men's minds have been so steadily fixed on this great event, that while contemplating the suddenness of the catastrophe and the ruins of the ancient edifice, they have cared little to examine what was the nature of the structure which was levelled to the ground, and what were the causes of its unexpected downfall. Most of the historians of the French Revolution help us little towards discovering the causes of it; and people both in France and in other countries know less of the real character of the French government and of French society in the century preceding the Revolution, than of many more remote periods of French history. Yet when we have got rid of some prejudices, and taken the necessary pains to learn a few facts, the causes are not so obscure nor the consequences so different from what might have been expected.

In 1789, the French made a violent effort to separate themselves from the past, to form a new political order, and we may say to form a new society. After sixty years, we

find them under an absolute government, such as the old monarchy is supposed to have been, and in a manner was, but under a government infinitely more powerful and more despotic than the old monarchy before the Revolution. We find equality and despotism, but no liberty and no life; a society increasing in wealth, but excluded from public affairs; an administration which secures tranquillity and order, but is uncontrolled in its expenditure; a people who are without a public voice, without a will, without a purpose,—as little united as if they were all strangers in the country; in fact, some millions, realizing the poetical image of every man being under his own vine and his own fig-tree, and nowhere else; attending to their daily affairs, working hard, paying their taxes, doing as they are told, even without the privilege of grumbling, which, in the worst times of his history, the Englishman has had and has exercised.

This wretched result of the great movement of '89, is a political problem well worthy of examination. But few men are competent to handle it. Long research, sound judgment, and freedom from prejudice, are required of every man who treats historical matters, and more particularly events which are so near to our own time. The author tells us that his work, though it is a small volume, is the product of very great labor; and any man who reads it carefully, with a reasonable knowledge of the subject, will see that it is. In few words, he often gives conclusions which can only be reached by an examination of much evidence; and when the evidence is of a nature to establish certain facts—when it is carefully examined, fairly weighed, and the result is stated in plain, clear language, we owe our thanks to the man who tells us what we did not know before, and what most of us could never have learned in any other way.

When we are reading a work in which we are compelled to give a large amount of credit to the author, because he presents to us certain conclusions without producing or being able to produce all the evidence, it is of great importance to know the kind of man whom we have to trust. The name of

De Tocqueville is well known, and his opinions, as he says, were made public above twenty years ago. Men change in all countries, even in France; but the author is not changed. He is still a friend of liberty, as he understands liberty,—for everybody does not understand it the same way. His liberty is the liberty of the citizen of a free state—a liberty which is founded on fixed principles of government, and so inseparable from them, that the liberty of the citizen and the existence of the government only express the same thing. There is political liberty when a man can freely exercise his abilities and his industry,—when he can speak and write what he likes, subject only to the condition of being answerable before the law, and before the law as the guardian of every man's interests, and as administered by an honest court,—when as a citizen of a state he can take a part in its legislation and administration, and exhibit the talents and the virtues which flourish on the soil where true freedom exists, but wither under the shade of despotism, even if despotism, as now in France, has allied itself to equality.

That a Frenchman who has ability and spirit should love political liberty, cannot surprise us. It would rather be surprising if there were one generous soul in France which preferred the heavy sleep of slavery to the active life of liberty; the security of the prison with a full belly to the pleasure of breathing the open air, even at the risk of living on scanty food.

The author says:

"In the midst of the darkness of the future, we may already discover three truths very clearly. The first is, that all the men of the present day are led by an unknown force, which we may hope to regulate and moderate, but not to overcome,—a force which sometimes urges them gently, and at other times hurries them on, towards the destruction of aristocracy. The second is, that among all the political societies of the world, those which will always have the most difficulty in escaping for a long time from an absolute government, will be precisely those societies in which aristocracy no longer exists, and cannot exist. The third, finally, is this, that nowhere is it in the nature of despotism to produce worse effects than in such societies; for despotism, more than any other form of government, favors the development of all the vices to which these societies are especially exposed, and

drives them thus in the very direction towards which, according to their natural disposition, they are already inclined."

In those social systems, according to the opinion of M. de Tocqueville, where men are not bound together by any tie of castes, of classes, of corporations, and of families, they are too much inclined to attend only to their private interests. Despotism encourages this tendency by depriving the citizens of every common passion, of every mutual want, of the necessity and of the power of communicating and acting together. Wealth, which becomes the chief thing by which men are distinguished from one another, passes rapidly from one hand to another, changes the condition of individuals, raises or depresses families, and thus every one makes a desperate effort to keep it or to get it. The desire of wealth got any how, the love of gain, the pursuit of pleasure and of material enjoyment, become the predominant passions, and they spread through all classes. It is of the essence of despotism to cherish and strengthen these passions, for they are its support: they turn away men's thoughts from public affairs, and make them tremble at the bare idea of revolution. "Despotism alone can supply these passions with the secrecy and the shade under which cupidity is at its ease, and allow it to make disgraceful profit by braving disgrace. Without despotism these passions would have been strong; with it they are all-powerful. Liberty alone, on the other hand, can effectually combat in such societies the vices which are natural to them." It is only liberty which can draw men from their isolated privacy, and bring them together by the necessity of understanding one another, and attending to their common interest; liberty alone can draw them from the worship of gold to learn that their country is above everything else, make them feel that there are higher and nobler passions than mere material comfort, and present to them objects of ambition greater than the acquisition of wealth.

These opinions, which may be supposed to have had some effect on the author's general conclusions, he has fairly stated in his Preface. About the truth of the first opinion, that modern society tends to the destruction of aristocracy, there can hardly be any dispute; and this opinion may be

accepted, even if people do not exactly agree in their political definition of aristocracy. We all conceive it in a general way, some more exactly than others; but we have a little difficulty in defining exactly what it now is, in England for example. As to the second and third opinions, we believe them to be equally true. An aristocracy may bring many evils on society; but if it is rich, and possessed of political power, it is a security against a despotism such as rules in Russia, France, or anywhere else. The total destruction of such a political power in a state where it has once existed, makes the road easy to absolute power. Even in a pure democracy, such as the States of the North American Union, is it certain that liberty, or license, whichever you call it, is so very far from despotism? The instrument of usurpation in Europe is the soldier; and where there is not a large army, the means for seizing power are not so ready. But a small force may perhaps do as well as a large one in some societies; or no military force at all. Despotism may come in other ways and under other forms; it may exist under the name of empire, republic, or democracy. And for a plain reason. Modern civilized societies are essentially pacific, lovers of quiet, lovers of pleasure, and lovers of money-making. Material enjoyment is the end, and money is the means. A rich society will not risk the loss of its wealth. Tranquillity is essential to its existence; and any power which arises in the midst of disorder, and keeps order and quiet, will always be accepted. The remark, it may be said, is not very profound; but it is true, and should be often repeated, for people are apt to forget simple and wholesome truths. Political liberty is not an easy thing to get, nor easy to keep; and when it has once been had and is lost, it is very hard to recover.

Despotism lives by flattering in a people the very vices which have helped it to power. It loves sensuality, and looks favorably on industry, for industry produces wealth, and despotism takes from what toil has produced; taking, if it is wise, no more than it wants for the maintenance of its own power, and bidding the laborer enjoy himself in security, and get more. The richer a nation grows, the more a people is given to the lust of gain, the readier it is to bow

the neck and put on the yoke. For why does a man get, except to keep and to enjoy?—and what is life to such a one without wealth? And what is the great end that his philosophy proposes, if he has a philosophy, except accumulation? And where is accumulation so easy and so safe as under a Government whose calm is never disturbed by the breeze of freedom, which, in the wholesome exercise of its force, may sometimes rise into the storm? Is there any man in his senses who would trust the liberties of England to those who traffic in money, who deal in loans, who grow rich by all the various methods by which they transfer to their own pockets, without labor, the fruits of the labor of others—nay, would he trust them even to the manufacturer and the merchant, liberal and honorable as many of them may be? The pearl above all price, the rational liberty of a free people, must be guarded by those who value it before everything else, before gold and silver, and even before life. The second French empire has corrupted and debased the French, and there are signs enough in England that many Englishmen are mean enough to bow the knee before the image whose head is of gold, with legs of iron, and feet of clay. But the image will be broken, like the image in the prophetic vision, and the fragments will nowhere be found.

The history of the great French Revolution, observes the author, will never be anything except darkness to those who will look only at the Revolution. They may read all the histories that have been written, and all that shall be written, if we are to have any more; and they will be never the wiser. Without a clear view of what the old society was, they will never be able to understand the history of France since the memorable 1789. But something more than this is wanted. They must not only know the country, and its former social condition—they must understand the character of the people, for the Frenchman has had a distinct and a peculiar character for more than two thousand years. An excellent writer, Anédée Thierry, "*Histoire des Gaulois*," has traced the history of his nation from the earliest times to the final subjugation of Gallia by the Romans, and he finds them everywhere the same. And there is nothing surprising in this. The

mass of the people are the same, though they have been Romanized; and ever since the time when Cæsar tamed the warlike Gaul, they have changed less than any nation in Europe. The Teutonic people have pressed upon them from the north and the east, and occupied large tracts of the country, but the great heart of France is still in the centre. The country of the Gaul, within the historical period, lies between the Pyrenees and the Alps; between the Ocean and the Rhine. Before the Christian era, the German was in the north and the east; in the south-west there were Aquitanian peoples, akin to the Spanish stock; in the south-east, the Ligurian was mingled with the Gaul; and the Greeks had sprinkled their civilization and their towns along the southern coast from the Pyrenees to the Vär. But the bulk of the nation remained unmoved in the centre, between the Garonne and the Seine, between the Atlantic and the Rhine; and there it is still. M. de Tocqueville (p. 321) has described his countryman's character in a few lines. He speaks of the French as a people "so unchangeable in their principal instincts, that we recognize them even in the portraits drawn of them two or three thousand\* years ago." The character is a compound of contrasts, of great virtues and great vices; it is a people governed by impulse more than by reflection; with ability enough to do anything, and a singular want of plain common sense. "If," says Thierry, "we were to examine ourselves well at any of these critical times, when nations, breaking through all social conventions, display themselves, as we may say, in the nudity of their nature, would it be impossible to discover some sign of this union of virtues and vices?" The great political defect in the Frenchman is, that "one day he is the declared enemy to all obedience, and the next he shows a sort of passion for servitude which the nations that have the best capacity for it cannot equal." (De Tocqueville.) "We must always observe," says Mallet du Pan, "that in France neither the law, nor the power which comes from it, are respected, except so far as they make themselves respected by being feared." So we may con-

\* "Three thousand" is careless on the part of the author. Let him be satisfied with "two thousand," which is enough, and as much as is true.

clude with the author, that no people but the French could have made such a Revolution, so sudden, so violent, so full of contradictions. When we have learned the character of the man, we have to study the circumstances under which his passions were called into activity.

The author has divided his work into two books, and each book into chapters. The heading of each chapter is a kind of proposition which he develops and proves. There is matter enough in each chapter for an essay. All that can be done here is to state some of his opinions, with the reasons for them.

In England we have long been taught to consider the philosophical writings of the eighteenth century as one of the chief causes of the Revolution; and M. de Tocqueville admits this. The French philosophy of the eighteenth century was entirely irreligious; but here the author makes a remark which seems to us to be most important. There are two parts or two sides of this philosophy. One part contains all the new doctrines which concern the condition of society, the principles of law and government, the natural equality of men, the sovereignty of the people, and the like. These doctrines are not the product of the Revolution, but the cause of it; they are the Revolution itself, which was only an attempt to put in practice what the philosophers had laid down as a theory. The other part, or other side of the philosophical writings of the eighteenth century, is the furious attack on the clergy and on Christianity. But the author maintains that it was much less as the teacher of religion than as a political institution, that the church was assailed; it was not because the priests pretended to regulate the affairs of the other world, but because they meddled too much with matters here. The church was rich, and therefore it was hated. It was the greatest power in the state, and it was odious because it reaped where it did not sow. The passion against religion, which showed itself in such fantastic forms during the Revolution, was a temporary fit of frenzy—a mere accident. A great Father of the eighteenth century,\* but not of the Church, one who did his best against Christianity, knew well enough that a nation can never be roused against any religion which leaves them quiet. In his "Homily on Su-

\* Voltaire, "Homélie sur la Superstition."

perstition," he says, after speaking of the civil wars of France—"It is not the people, my brethren, it is not the cultivators, nor ignorant and peaceable artisans, who have stirred up these ridiculous and mischievous disputes, the source of so many horrors and so many murders. Unfortunately, there is not one of which the theologians have not been the authors. Men fed by your toil, living happy in indolence, enriched by the sweat of your brow and by your miseries, contended who should have most partisans and most slaves. They inspired you with a furious fanaticism in order to become your masters: they made you superstitious, not that you should fear God more, but that you should fear them." This was the way to stir up a people against a priesthood; against the men who were fed by the toil of the people, and would not let them live in peace.

The anti-religious passion survived the Revolution, and it still exists. "Even in our time," says the author, "we have seen men who thought that they made amends for their servility towards the meanest agents of political power, by their insolence towards God; and who, while abandoning all that was most free, all that was most noble and most proud in the revolutionary doctrines, flattered themselves that they continued faithful to its spirit by continuing profane." These men are the opposite of another class, who are found in all countries, of whom it has been well said, that they indemnify themselves for their humility towards God by their arrogance to man.

M. de Tocqueville maintains that since the political work of the Revolution has been consolidated, its anti-religious work has fallen into ruins; that the church being separated from all that fell with it, has gradually recovered its power over men's minds, and strengthened itself in opinion; and that there is not a Christian church in Europe which has not revived since the French Revolution. This may be true. It is true of England, at least. Whatever irreligion there may still be in France, it is pretty certain that there was more before the Revolution. If any powerful church will try the experiment of throwing off its wealth, and not disturbing people in their material interests, it will find that the number of its enemies will soon diminish. Never will a

whole nation be roused to the anti-religious frenzy of the French Revolution by a pure hatred of religion. There must be something that touches their interests nearer, to call men away from their daily occupations to attack churches and kill priests.

The great characteristic of the French Revolution was its universality, in which it resembled a religious rather than a political revolution. It was a revolution of opinion; a revolution of proselytism, which proceeded by preaching and by armed force at once. It sought to establish not the rights of French citizens only, but the political rights, as they were termed, of all mankind. This was its serious side; and as the serious and the ridiculous are often very near to one another, the propagandism of the Revolution drove some of its apostles mad, made the timid look on it with fear and hatred, and the sober-minded at last treat its doctrines with contempt.

In the eighteenth century, the political institutions which rose in the Middle Ages, and were established with a singular uniformity through a great part of Europe, had become old; they were worn out. New things had arisen by the side of them and among them; and what existed of the old society was felt to be a burden. Even in England, where forms have always been preserved, and are still clung to with an instinctive tenacity of grasp, the feudal institutions were no longer in their force. The wars of the first Charles and his Parliament, and the usurpation of Cromwell, had been to the nation a severe but wholesome discipline; and under the inglorious reign of Charles II., we had the formal abolition of military tenures. With the decay of feudal nobility commenced in England the aristocracy of money; wealth became and is a power, the surest way to the titled orders of the state. If this had been all that England got by the change, it would not have been much; but from the expulsion of the Stuarts, and the Revolution of '88, England dates the real freedom of the press, and the Englishman the freedom of his person; though there has been many a struggle since that time to maintain the liberties of England against the encroachments of power. Voltaire, in his "*Lettres sur les Anglais*," (*Lettre IX., sur le Gouvernement*), told his countrymen a good deal in a few words:

"A man, because he is a noble or a priest, is not exempt from paying certain taxes; all the imposts are regulated by the House of Commons, which, though only the second in rank, is the first in opinion." What a contrast to France, where nobles and priests were exempted from most of the taxes that fell on the laborer, and where the people had only to pay the taxes, and nothing to do with regulating them. That which the English had accomplished by their civil war, and by long and painful labor, the French Revolution attempted to do by a convulsive effort. So violent was the shock by which the nation broke loose from its chains, that it made the Revolution, as M. de Tocqueville observes, "appear greater than it was; for that which it destroyed was closely connected with the whole, and was, as it were, part of one and the same body." And so he comes to the following conclusions, which in the second part he attempts to establish, and the establishment of which is one of the great features of his work:

"However radical the Revolution has been, still it has made much less change than is generally supposed. What may be truly said of it is this; that it has entirely destroyed, or is in the way to destroy (for the Revolution still continues) everything which in the old society was derived from aristocracy and feudal institutions; everything which in any degree was connected with them; everything which bore the slightest impress of them. It has retained nothing of the old world, except that which had always been foreign to these institutions, or that which could exist without them. The Revolution was least of all a fortuitous event. It is true that it took the world by surprise; and yet it was only the completion of a long labor, the sudden and violent termination of a work, which had passed before the eyes of ten generations of men. If it had not taken place, the old social edifice would nevertheless have fallen everywhere, in one place sooner, in another later; it would only have continued to fall bit by bit, instead of yielding to a blow. The Revolution accomplished suddenly, by a convulsive and painful effort, without any transition, without any precaution, without any scruple, that which would have happened gradually of itself in the course of time. Such was its work!

—"But this Revolution, everywhere prepared, everywhere threatening, why did it break out in France rather than elsewhere? Why has it had among us certain

characteristics which have not been seen anywhere else, or only in part? This second question is certainly well worth considering; and the examination of it will be the subject of the following book."—*Livre II.*

This second book contains the result of the author's inquiries as to the condition of France before the Revolution. It is a vast subject, ill understood, even by most of those who have written the history of the French Revolution. Those who would master the matter, must take the pains to read more than once what the author has said. It is only possible here to state a few of his most important conclusions.

The Revolution did not break out in Germany, though in Germany the institutions of the Middle Ages existed, serfdom included, in more of their original vigor than in France. In France, serfdom had ceased except in one or two of the eastern provinces; and some of the serfs were held by ecclesiastical bodies. Voltaire says that the number held by the religious houses was considerable, and there are a few of his letters, such letters as he could write when he had a priest to deal with, about an abbey of Bernardines on the flanks of the Jura, which held a great number of men in servitude. But there was another more important change in France; the peasant had become a landed proprietor. M. de Tocqueville observes that it has been the common opinion that the division of landed property in France dates from the Revolution, and was produced by it; but that the contrary is proved by every kind of evidence. The establishment of this fact is most important, for many consequences flow from it. Those who know Arthur Young's\* "*Travels in France*," will not be surprised so much at M. de Tocqueville's assertion, as at his stating that people have held, and that many still hold, such erroneous opinion. Young says of the small properties in France, which he explains to mean "little farms belonging to those who cultivate them;" he says of them,—"*The number is so great that I am inclined to suppose more than one-third of*

\* "Arthur Young's book," says M. de Tocqueville, "is one of the most instructive works that exist on France before the Revolution." This is true. A book of such merit has seldom appeared. It is written in a careless, in exact style, yet it is clear and forcible; and it contains what the author saw and thought in his journeys through France in 1787, 1788, and 1789.

the kingdom occupied by them." He also says,—"I have seen some of half, and even a quarter of a rood, with a family as much attached to it, as if it were an hundred acres."\* Young shows, beyond all dispute, the great subdivision of landed property in France before the Revolution, and the wretched consequences of it. His remarks are most original and instructive. M. de Tocqueville gives proof, too, if the thing wanted proving, for a grosser historical misstatement never obtained currency. "I find," he says (p. 36), "in a secret report made to an intendant a few years before the Revolution: 'Successions are becoming equally subdivided and in a manner which causes uneasiness, and as every one wishes to have a share of everything and wherever he is, the pieces of land are divided in *in-finitum*, and are subdivided continually.' Would not one suppose that this is written in our own times?"

The passion of the Frenchman to be the owner of land is older than the Revolution; and how many passions dwell in the breast of the small proprietor? He is a different man either from the small tenant-farmer, or the laborer of England. The Revolution has not divided the soil of France, but freed it from the servitudes imposed on it under the old system; for though the French peasant, long before the Revolution, had escaped from the government of the seigneur, his land was subject to many heavy burdens. The seigneur had lost the political power which he once had as a feudal lord; and he only had his pecuniary rights which had sometimes greatly increased. The great ecclesiastics had their fiefs; the convent generally held the seignory of the village where it was planted; the convent, as already observed, in some parts had serfs; it employed the *corvée*, or compulsory labor for the making of the roads, many of which were excellent in France, even at that time; it levied dues at fairs and markets; it had its feudal bakery, its mill, its wine or cider-press, and its feudal bull, all for the service of its vassals, who must not serve themselves any other way. The church must even meddle with procreation, and make a profit out of it. Besides this, the clergy in France, as everywhere else in Christian Europe, had

\* Young, vol. I., 2nd edition: "Tenantry and the Size of Farms."

tithes. Imagine the prospect of a revolution for the French peasant. It satisfied at once his hatred and his love of gain. Young says:

"In passing through many of the French provinces, I was struck with the various and heavy complaints of the farmers and little proprietors, of the feudal grievances, with the weight of which their industry was burthened; but I could not then conceive the multiplicity of the shackles which kept them poor and depressed. I understood it better afterwards from the conversation and complaints of some grand seigneurs as the Revolution advanced, and I then learned that the principal rental of many estates consisted in services and feudal tenures, by the baneful influence of which the industry of the people was almost exterminated. In regard to the oppressions of the clergy as to tithes, I must do that body a justice to which a claim cannot be laid in England. Though the ecclesiastical tenth was levied in France more severely than usual in Italy, yet it was never exacted with such horrid greediness as is at present the disgrace of England.\* Such mildness in the levy of this odious tax is absolutely unknown in England. But mild as it was, the burthen to people groaning under so many oppressions, united to render their situation so bad, that no change could be for the worse."†

The author says:

"Just imagine the French peasant of the eighteenth century, or rather the man whom you know; he is always the same; his condition has changed, but not his temper: Observe him, such as the documents which I have quoted have represented him, so passionately fond of the land that he devotes to the purchase of it all his savings, and buys it at any price. To acquire it he must first pay a duty, not to the government, but to other proprietors in the neighborhood; as much strangers as he is himself to the administration of public affairs, almost as powerless as he himself is. At last he gets his land, and there he buries his heart together with the seed of his crop. This little nook of ground which is his own, in the midst of this vast universe, fills him with pride and independence. However, these same neighbors come upon him, tear him from the field, and compel him to go and work elsewhere, and

\* But we must remember that, in England, a large part of the tithes belonged to laymen and to corporations, as they do still.

† He adds in a note: "They have since found how erroneous this opinion was, and that, great as the evils were, they have been aggravated into a more exterminating despotism, under the fictitious names of liberty and equality."

without pay. If he wishes to protect his crops against the game, the same men prevent him; the same men wait for him at the crossings of the river, and demand of him a toll. He finds them again at the market, where they sell him the right of selling his own produce; and when returning home, he would employ for his own use the remainder of his wheat, this wheat which has grown under his own eyes, and by the labor of his own hands, he cannot do this till he has sent it to be ground at the mill and baked at the oven of these same men. It is in order to give them a rental, that a part of the revenue of his little domain passes from him, and this rental is inexpressible and unredeemable. Let him do what he likes, he meets on his road, everywhere, those disagreeable neighbors, who disturb his pleasure, impede his labor, and eat the produce of it; and when he has done with them, others clothed in black present themselves, and take from him the purest part of his crop. Imagine to yourselves the condition, the wants, the character and the passions of this man, and calculate, if you can, the amount of hatred and envy which is concentrated in his heart."

It is the author's opinion that these feudal claims appeared the more grievous, because the lord had ceased to be the political governor of the vassal. If the seigneur had retained his political power, the feudal dues would have seemed a natural consequence:

"When a nobility possesses not only privileges, but powers; when it governs and conducts administration, its private rights may be at the same time both greater and less seen. In the feudal times, the nobility were looked on pretty much as we now look on the government: men supported the burdens which they imposed, and took into account the security that they gave. The nobles had oppressive privileges, they possessed rights which were onerous to the vassal; but they maintained public order, distributed justice, executed the law, helped the weak, and managed the common interests. In proportion as a nobility ceases to do those things, the weight of its privileges appears heavier, and people end at last by being unable to understand why it exists."—(p. 46.)

It is generally supposed that the centralization of the administration in France is a result of the Revolution:

"On the contrary," says the author (p. 49), "it is a product of the old *régime*, and, I will add, the only part of the political constitution of the old *régime* that has sur-

vived the Revolution, because it was the only part that could be accommodated to the new social condition which that Revolution has created. If the reader will have the patience to read attentively the present chapter, he will perhaps find that I have proved my proposition more than enough."

The author makes a limited qualification in respect of the *Pays d'états*, or the provinces which had their own administration, or rather appeared to have it, for the central power had contrived to subject even these provinces in a great degree to the general rules of administration. These *Pays d'états* were at the extremity of the kingdom, and did not contain more than one-fourth of the population; and among them there were only two, Bretagne and Languedoc, in which provincial freedom was a reality. In an appendix (p. 325) the author has treated more particularly of Languedoc, in a most interesting and instructive chapter. Even at the present day one may see in this country some evidences of the former freedom that it had. Young was struck with the goodness of the roads in this remote part of France, roads such as did not exist in England at that time; but they were made by heavy taxation unequally distributed. Still there was no *corvée* in Languedoc.

If we look at the old administration of France, it appears at first sight as if there was an infinity of powers and authorities, and nothing but confusion. France was covered with bodies which had powers of administration, and with isolated functionaries independent of one another, who participated in the government by virtue of an authority which they had purchased, and which could not be taken from them. Courts of justice had legislative powers. The towns had constitutions which varied infinitely. Their magistrates had different names, and derived their authority from different sources: some were appointed by the king, some by the seigneur, or a prince who had an *apanage*: some were elected annually by their fellow-citizens, and others had purchased the right of governing their fellow-citizens for ever. These were the ruins of the ancient authorities, the wreck and fragments of a former state of society. But a new authority had grown up among them, and those who would understand the history of France must know what it was.

By the side of the throne a new administrative power had gradually established itself. This was the *conseil du roi* :

"Its origin is of ancient date, but most of its functions are recent. It is everything at once: supreme court of justice, for it has power to annul the judgments of all the ordinary courts; supreme court for administration, for it is the final court of appeal from all the special jurisdictions. As the council of government it also possesses, under the good pleasure of the king, legislative power, discusses and proposes most of the laws, imposes taxes, and assigns the proportion to each province. In the capacity of supreme council of administration, it belongs to this body to make general rules for the direction of the agents of government. It alone decides all important matters, and watches over the secondary powers. Everything converges to this centre, and from it comes the movement that is communicated to all. Still it has no jurisdiction of its own. It is the king who alone decides, even when the council seems to give its judgment. This council is not composed of great seigneurs, but of men of middle rank or of low birth, former intendants and other persons versed in practical matters, and all of them liable to be removed. Generally it acts with discretion and makes no noise, always displaying less pretension than power. Accordingly in itself it makes no show; or rather it is lost in the splendor of the throne, to which it is so near; so powerful that it meddles with everything, and at the same time so obscure that it is scarcely noticed by history."

As all the administration of the country was directed by one body, so one man had almost the whole direction of the internal affairs of the country. This was the *contrôleur-général*. Every province had its particular minister, but he had not often occasion to act in any important matters. The *contrôleur-général* by degrees gets the whole public administration in his own hands, acting successively as minister of finance, minister of the interior, minister of public works, minister of commerce. This was the office which Jean-Baptiste Colbert held from 1664.

Even in the eighteenth century there were great seigneurs who had the title of governors of provinces, and were the representatives of royal authority. They had titles and honors, but no power. The *intendant* had the administration in his hands. He was a man of ordinary extraction, always a stranger to the

province, a young man who had his fortune to make. He was chosen by the Government from among the inferior members of the *conseil d'état*, and might always be displaced. In his hands the *conseil* intrusted their powers. "Like this council, he is at once administrator and judge. He corresponds with all the ministers; he is in the province the only agent of the will of the Government." Under the *intendant*, and appointed by him, was a *subdélégué* in every canton. The *intendant* is generally a man who has been ennobled; the *subdélégué* is always a *roturier* (one who is not noble). The *subdélégué* is under the *intendant*, as the *intendant* is under the minister. When Law was *contrôleur des finances*, he discovered, and he said, that the kingdom of France was governed by thirty *intendants*. Yet these powerful functionaries are almost unobserved in history. The nobility surround the king and form his court. They command his armies and his fleets. They enjoy all those external distinctions, which dazzle the vulgar and deceive even the historians, who look, as many do, no deeper than the surface. It would have been an insult to a great seigneur to offer him the place of *intendant*; and even the poorest gentleman of family would have generally disdained the office. The noble looked on the *intendants* as intruders, as upstarts, as men who had to manage bourgeois and peasants. And yet they governed France, as the author proceeds to show.

With the institutions of the Middle Ages in wreck and ruin, and a new power in the centre which was daily extending its arms in all directions, it seems certain that all the ancient authorities in France must at last have been extinguished. It is not in the nature of such a central power to lose anything that it has got, particularly when a country is so divided, when every part and every local authority was so isolated as in France.

When the Revolution had thrown down the tottering and fantastic edifice, under which the central power had silently erected a new structure, the labor of its hands was clearly seen. A new form of administration showed itself. When the authority of the king and his name were gone, there still remained the great revolutionary work of the ante-revolutionary period; a form of power

and a substance too, ready to be managed by those who were bold enough to lay hold of it. The establishment of the departmental division of France by the Constituent Assembly seemed a mighty change; and so it would have been, if the old provinces had been compact homogeneous masses. But they were all pieces and fragments, no more united among themselves than with the fragments of any neighboring mass. To arrange them in a new order was no disturbance, but quite the contrary. As the author says, "It seemed, in fact, as if the French were tearing in pieces living bodies, while they were only dissecting dead ones."

He observes, that people are often surprised that the French have supported patiently the military conscription of the Revolution, and of the period since the Revolution; but the people had long been accustomed to it. Under the monarchy there was the *milice*. The young peasants were taken from time to time by lot, and a certain number were formed into *régiments de milice*, in which they served six years. "The enrolments for the militia," says Young, "which the *cahiers* call an injustice without example, were another dreadful scourge on the peasantry; and, as married men were exempted from it, occasioned in some degree that mischievous population, which brought beings into the world in order for little else than to be starved."—(p. 598). M. de Tocqueville says (p. 58),—"As the *milice* was a comparatively modern institution, none of the ancient feudal authorities had anything to do with it; the whole affair was intrusted solely to the agents of the central government. The *conseil* fixed the general contingent and the proportion of each province. The intendant regulated the number of men to be raised in each parish; the *subdélégué* superintended the drawing, decided all cases of exemption, determined which militia men should stay at home, and delivered up to the military authority those who were required to leave."

Further, except in the *Pays d'état*, all the public works, even those which had the most limited purposes, were decided on and directed by the central power. Though there existed many local authorities, they did little or nothing. All the great roads, even those which ran from one town to another, were made and maintained by the orders of

the *conseil*, and under the immediate direction of the intendant. It was the business of the *subdélégué* to summon those who were bound to work on the roads. "The *corvées* or police\* of the roads were annually the ruin of many hundreds of farmers; more than three hundred were reduced to beggary by filling up one vale in Lorraine: all these oppressions fell on the *tiers état* only; the nobility and clergy having been equally exempted from *tailles*, militia, and *corvées*."—(Young.) There was even the *corps des ponts et chaussées*, the great agent of the central government for all public works. Here we have under the old monarchy the very thing that exists now; even the name is the same. The administration *des ponts et chaussées* under the monarchy has its *conseil* and a school; inspectors who annually travel through France; engineers who reside on the spot, and direct the works under the intendant. "If the French have not husbandry to show us," says Young, "they have roads." Many of the roads were excellent, but made either by the miserable labor of the people, or, as in Languedoc, made by an unequal assessment (*taille*). Young says of Languedoc, "The ways are superb, even to a folly." And so we see in the most remote corners of France such bridges as would never have been built in any country where the people controlled the expenditure.

The central government, by its agents, undertook to maintain order in the provinces by means of the *maréchaussée*, which was spread all over the country in small bodies, and was under the direction of the intendants. It arrested vagabonds, checked mendicity, and put down the riots which the

\* "Police" is not a good word, but I suppose it might be used in this sense in Young's time. The *corvée*, or *courvée*, for both forms were used, is thus defined:—"Ce cont des charges personnelles qui obligent les routuriers à donner leurs peines et leur tems sans en tirer aucun fruit."—*Richelle, Dictionnaire*. They have been compared to the demands which the Roman Patronus could make upon his freed men. There are two titles in the Digest (38, tit. 1.) and in the Code (6, tit. 3.) about these matters.—*De Operis Libertorum*. It requires, however, a very particular examination to determine if any of the French services, generally called feudal, were of Roman original.

The *corvée*, which was originally seigniorial, having become royal, was applied to all public works, even to the building of barracks and to the transport of military stores. Generally, those who were subject to this *corvée* received some small pay; but this was no recompense to a man for loss of time and being taken from his work.—*De Tocqueville*, p. 200.

high price of grain was constantly producing. These bread riots were common occurrences.

Under the old feudal system, the seigneur had to look after the people; it was his business to relieve the poor. But no such obligation had existed in France for a long time. The seigneur had lost his powers, and been relieved of his obligations. "No local authority, no *conseil*, no provincial or parochial association had taken his place. No one was any longer legally bound to look after the rural poor; the central government had boldly undertaken to provide for their wants."

Every year the *conseil* appropriated to each province, out of the general produce of the taxes, certain funds, which the intendant distributed among the parishes by way of relief. To him the needy laborer had to apply. In times of scarcity, it was the intendant's duty to distribute among the people wheat or rice. The *conseil* annually made orders for the establishment, in certain places, indicated by itself, of *ateliers de charité*, where the poorest peasants could work at a low rate of wages. We can easily believe that charity administered at such a distance was often blind or capricious, and always inefficient.

The central government let nothing alone. It even attempted to make the artisans adopt certain processes, and fabricate certain articles; and as a government which is so active must have many agents, "there were even inspectors of industry, who scoured the provinces to enforce the regulations." This meddling power was everywhere. It is disgusting to see such ignorance affecting to govern, and tedious to trace such a history. M. de Tocqueville has a chapter entitled, "Comment ce qu'on appelle aujourd'hui la tutelle administrative est une institution de l'ancien régime." It is worth reading. But the conclusion is put in few words:

"Under the old government, as in our time, there was not a town, *bourg*, village, not even the smallest hamlet in France, neither *hôpital fabrique*, convent, or college, which could have an independent will in its own affairs, or administer its own property at its pleasure. Then, just as it does now, the administration kept all the French in tutelage: and if the insolence of the term had not yet shown itself, they had at least the thing."

In another passage he informs us that the correspondence of the intendant and his *subdélégués* shows that the government meddled with everything in the towns, the most trifling matters as well as the most important. It even regulated the *fêtes*; in some cases it gave orders for public rejoicings, which displayed themselves in fireworks and illuminations of the houses. "I find an instance of an intendant fining some members of the *garde bourgeoise* 20 livres for having absented themselves from the Te Deum."

M. de Tocqueville (chap. iv.) explains a feature of the old monarchy which shows its character well. France was full of courts independent of the government. The king had little authority over the judges. Generally, he could neither remove them nor promote them. The royal authority being thus cramped, had to find out a way of doing indirectly what it could not do directly. It effected this by withdrawing from the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts those matters which had immediate reference to its own authority. In most of the royal *édits* and declarations made in the eighteenth century, as well as in the decisions (*arrêts*) of the *conseil*, it is said that any question which may arise in consequence, and any judicial proceedings, must be brought exclusively before the intendants and the *conseil*; before the intendant in the first instance, with an appeal to the *conseil*. The ordonnance on such an occasion forbids the ordinary courts to entertain these matters. In cases which were regulated by the ancient customs or the laws, and where this precaution had not been taken, the *conseil* interfered by *evocation*, by removing them from the ordinary courts to its own jurisdiction. Most of the litigation that arose out of the collection of the taxes was thus brought within the jurisdiction of the intendant and the *conseil*; and many other things too. The intendants show great zeal in extending this exceptional jurisdiction; and one of them, in a particular case, gives an excellent reason for it—"The ordinary judge," he says, "is bound by fixed rules, which compel him to check any act which is contrary to law; but the *conseil* can always proceed contrary to the rules, when it has a useful purpose in view."

Under the old monarchy the courts had the power, or were permitted to exercise the

authority, of making regulations of administration; which was an abuse, for the function of courts of justice is the decision of cases which are brought before them. They have to determine by evidence the facts which are in dispute, and to apply the law to the facts. In the present system, says the author, we keep the courts to their proper business: but under the old monarchy, while the courts were often excluded from their rightful domain, the administration insinuated itself into it; and there it remains now.

"Among the nine or ten constitutions which within the last sixty years have been established for perpetuity, there is one in which it is expressly declared that no agent of the government shall be brought before the ordinary courts without proceedings having been first authorized by the government. The article seemed to be so well conceived, that when the constitution which contained it was destroyed, care was taken to drag this article out of the ruins, and it has ever since been carefully protected against every revolution. Persons engaged in the administration are still in the habit of calling the privilege which is allowed them by this article—one of the great conquests of '89; but here they are mistaken, for under the old monarchy the government was no less careful than it is now to save functionaries from the disagreeable position of appearing before a court of justice like other citizens. The only essential difference between the two periods is this:—before the Revolution the government could only protect its agents by having recourse to illegal and arbitrary measures, while since the Revolution it has got the power of legally allowing them to violate the law."

Here the old *régime* is better than the modern system, for when an act of the administration is arbitrary and illegal, it is felt to be a wrong, even by the power which does it; and there is always some hope of amendment. There is no hope where arbitrary power is invested with the form of law: it is the most cruel and unrelenting of tyrannies. There is only one way to correct it, and that is by destroying it.

Thus (chap. v.) we find in the centre of the kingdom a single body, the *conseil*, which regulates the administration of all the country; one and the same minister generally directing all the internal affairs of the kingdom; in every province a single agent of the Government, the intendant, who

looks after all the details: no secondary administrative bodies, or bodies which can act without being authorized to put themselves in motion: and exceptional courts, which determine all the matters in which the administration is interested, and protect all its agents. All that has been done since the Revolution is to add to and perfect the system: but its ante-revolutionary origin is plain. The establishment of a central authority was a work of time and patience, not of direct usurpation. It is singular to observe that at the moment when the Revolution breaks out, the old structure of French society was externally almost untouched. Forms and names of old authority existed, but no more power. Political power was in the hands of the *conseil*, and exercised by the intendant. M. de Tocqueville says that there is nothing to show that the Government of the old *régime* had followed any settled plan in effecting this great revolution. He says that it simply obeyed the instinct which leads every Government to attempt to manage everything itself. That all power loves to be active, and tries to extend its limits, is an old remark, and a true one. But whether it be from long habit, or whether it be a part of his character, the Frenchman is peculiarly given to meddling. He has a passion for governing and regulating everything. Nothing is easier to conceive than the growth of this central power in such a country as France; but its increase, and its origin too, seem to have been a necessary consequence of the union under one King of so many widely-separated and different countries. Nothing but a central authority could have maintained coherency among the members of such a body. The progress of modern Europe has been from the disunion resulting from the conflicts of petty political powers to the union of these powers in larger political bodies; and the necessary consequence has been the establishment of a strong authority in the centre where the Government is placed. It is by this concentration that modern states in Europe make their authority felt and respected both by their own citizens and by other states. In France this centralization has produced a force greater than we have ever seen since the downfall of the Roman Empire; and other states follow the example, by strengthening and ex-

tending that authority which we call the government. Modern industry developed in every form supplies, through taxation, the means by which power executes its will; and if temporary help is wanting, the men of money are ready with their gold, ready to lend it to any power which is strong enough to make itself feared.

M. de Tocqueville says :

"If I am asked how this part of the ancient *régime* could be thus transplanted entire into the new society, and incorporated with it, I will answer thus : if centralization did not perish in the Revolution, it was because centralization was itself the commencement of this Revolution, and the sign of it; and I will add that when a people have destroyed their aristocracy, they hurry towards centralization of themselves. Then it requires much less force to drive them along this slope than to maintain them in their position. Among such a people all the powers naturally tend toward a unity, and it is only by great skill that we can succeed in keeping them distinct. The democratic Revolution which destroyed so many institutions of the old *régime*, was calculated to consolidate this; and centralization found its place so naturally in the society formed by this Revolution, that it could easily be mistaken for one of its works."

The author has a chapter (vi.) "*Des mœurs administratives sous l'ancien régime.*" If this title does not express very well what the chapter contains, a few words will do it. Power is always the same. The minister of the old *régime* wishes to know everything, and to regulate everything.

"Towards the end of the eighteenth century there is not even an *atelier de charité* established in any corner of a remote province without the *contrôleur-général* superintending the cost, drawing up the rules, and fixing the locality. If houses of mendicity are established, he must be informed of the names of the beggars who present themselves there; and he must be told precisely when they go out and when they come in. Before the middle of this century (1733) M. d'Argenson wrote : 'The details which the ministers have to look after are immense. Nothing is done without them, and everything by them; and if their knowledge is not so extensive as their powers, they are compelled to leave everything to be done by clerks, who become the real masters.'"

Even the taste for statistics existed then. Towards the end of the old *régime* there

were often forwarded to the intendant small printed forms, which it was his business to get filled up by his *subdélégués* and the syndics of the parish. The *contrôleur-général* wishes to know everything—the amount of produce, the number of cattle, and the character of the people. "The information thus obtained is neither less circumstantial nor more exact than that which, in like cases, is now supplied by the *sous-préfets* and the *maires*." The *subdélégués* often give a bad character of the people. They repeat—"the peasant is naturally lazy, and would not work if he were not compelled to labor for his living." The brutal stupidity of the remark is a sign of the system. Every power that has ever existed in France up to the present day, has taken good care that the peasant should never want this motive for working. It has loaded him so, well with fiscal burdens that he must work hard, or he must die.

Even the administrative language of the two periods is the same—a vague and feeble style. "*Qui lit un préfet lit un intendant,*" says the author; and that is telling us a good deal in few words. But he observes that towards the end of the eighteenth century, when the language of Diderot and Rousseau had begun to work upon the popular expression, we find that the false sensibility of these writers had touched even the language of those who were engaged in administration; one of the proofs, among others, of the great influence which the writers of the eighteenth century had on the French nation—an influence such as no writers in England have ever had or ever will have. "The administrative style, which is generally very dry, then becomes occasionally unctuous and tender. A *subdélégué* complains to the intendant of Paris 'Qu'il éprouve souvent dans l'exercice de ses fonctions une douleur très-poignante à une âme sensible.' " Who would undertake to translate this tender soul's sentimentality?

Though the central power in France in the eighteenth century had not acquired the full force and energy which it has since got, it had succeeded in destroying the life of all other powers, and there was nothing between it and the nation. As a natural consequence, it was considered the sole spring of action—as the source from which all must flow. The people had no idea that they should or could

do anything themselves. It is a most just remark of the author, that in all the political systems proposed by theoretical writers before the Revolution, however various may be the views and the ends of these reformers, they all want the hand of the central power for accomplishing their plans. The power of the government is to be unlimited, and each schemer would apply the power in his own way. All through the Revolution, too, the same idea governs everybody. It is the State that must do everything. This mischievous notion is still in Frenchmen's minds, and it is the source of all their political failures, and of their present servitude.

This childish dependence on others, this inability of the people to do anything by themselves, or even to conceive that they should try, is proof enough that if the French ever had the true notion of liberty,—and they certainly had it in their towns, at least once,\*—they completely lost it before the Revolution; and they must recover it before they can recover their liberty.

An agriculturist (p. 106) thinks that the Government should appoint inspectors to examine the state of cultivation, and to point out better methods—to teach the people how to manage their cattle, and even how to sell them. The inspector, of course, should be well paid. Those who prove themselves to be the best farmers should receive marks of honor. Another thinks that it is only the Government that can keep the peace in the country; the people only

\* "Lettres sur l'Histoire de France." Par Augustin Thierry. "Sur l'Affranchissement des Communes."—Lettres XIII.—XXIV., a most instructive work. He concludes thus:—"If their (the bourgeois') days of independence, full and complete, were of short duration, let us not be too ready to blame them for want of constancy, and let us not pass on them the sentence pronounced against great nations which have not been able to maintain their will for more than a moment. What was a handful of merchants against the royal and papal authority in the twelfth century? What were these little societies of citizens, scattered here and there like the oases of the desert, in the midst of a peasant population still too ignorant to sympathize with those who rejected slavery? Rather than lightly blame those who have preceded us in the great work which we continue with more success than our ancestors, and which, however, we shall not complete, let us look with admiration at the difficulties through which the idea of liberty has made its way up to our time; let us acknowledge that it has never failed to give birth, as in our own times, to great rejoicings and profound regret; and let this conviction aid us in supporting, like men of spirit, the trials which are still in reserve for us."

fear the *maréchaussée* and the farmers put their trust in nothing else. The official documents show that the peasants petition to be indemnified when they have lost their cattle, or had their houses burnt; the richer proprietors want to be helped in improving their lands; manufacturers ask for privileges which shall relieve them from every disagreeable competition; and some who are in bad plight tell the secret of their affairs to the intendant, and pray for help or a loan from the *contrôleur-général*. Even the gentlemen turn beggars: nobles and great lords pray for relief from the *vingtième*, on the ground of their poverty or the bad state of their affairs. It was the fashion for the gentlemen to address the intendant by the title of Monsieur only; but when they had a favor to ask they styled him Monseigneur, as the bourgeois did. (p. 109.)

And this was the nation which made the great Revolution of '89; or, to speak more correctly, the nation in which it was made. Verily, if any man at that time had known what the French were as well as we know now, he would not have been surprised at anything that happened. Of all the writings of the day that we have seen, none give a picture of France so like that of De Tocqueville, as Young's simple journal of his travels. But a Suffolk farmer was too plain a man for that great people to listen to, and too sensible a man for enthusiasts to read. Burke's declamation about the French Revolution was read in England, and admired.

One trait more:

"In times of scarcity, which were so common in the eighteenth century, the whole population of each *généralité* turns to the intendant, and appears to expect its bread from him alone. It is true, that every one has already begun to blame the government for all his sufferings. Those which are most inevitable are considered to be the work of government: they reproach the government even for the bad seasons. We are no longer surprised at seeing with what marvellous ease centralization was re-established in France at the commencement of this century. The men of '89 had overthrown the edifice, but its foundations were fixed in the minds even of those who destroyed it; and on these foundations it was possible to raise it again, all at once afresh, and to build it with more solidity than ever."

Queen Elizabeth, it is said, made a proclamation to prevent the increase of London,

by stopping building; and her sapient successor is said to have done the same. Louis XIV. tried to do it for Paris, but without success. Paris went on increasing; but it was not the increase of buildings that was to be feared. It was the power of the capital which was dangerous. Paris, M. de Tocqueville observes, in the time of the Fronde was only the largest city in France: in 1789, it was already France itself. This change had taken place during the time that all the local authorities had been sinking into inactivity and lifelessness. But if the province were dead, Paris was not. Life was still at the centre. It is a striking example of change (p. 114), that the printing-press was very busy in the provincial town of France in the sixteenth and in the seventeenth centuries; but at the end of the eighteenth, there was very little printing done in the provinces, though the whole amount of printing in France must have increased greatly.

The author quotes Young's evidence as to the bustle in Paris shortly after the meeting of the States-General, and the activity of the press. He had seen nothing like it. When he got out of Paris, and was in the country between the Saône and the Rhine, he could not see a newspaper. Besançon, with its 25,000 inhabitants, the capital of a large province, could not supply him with any journal that contained the news of Paris. And yet the Bastille had been taken. The ignorance of the people in the provinces was beyond belief.

Another change had taken place in Paris before the Revolution—a change that has had a great influence on the course of events since '89. Paris was not only the seat of government, the centre of literary activity, and the head-quarters of pleasure: it had become a large manufacturing town. It had always been the first town in France for manufacturing industry; but during the sixty years which preceded the Revolution, the number of artisans in Paris had more than doubled, as the author conjectures, though the whole population had only increased about a third.

"Thus Paris had become the master of France, and the army was collecting which was destined to make itself master of Paris. It seems that people are now pretty well agreed that the centralization of the admin-

istration and the omnipotence of Paris have been the main causes of the fall of all the governments which we have seen succeed one another for forty years. I shall have no difficulty in showing that we must attribute to the same cause a large share in the sudden and violent downfall of the ancient monarchy, and that we ought to consider this among the principal causes of the first Revolution, which has begotten all the revolutions that have followed it."

In studying the social condition of France before the Revolution, says the author (p. 119), we discover that all the men are alike, particularly those of the middle and upper classes, the only two classes of which we obtain a clear view. And yet we find at the same time an infinite number of petty barriers, which separate these men from one another, and shut them up in small circles out of which they never go.

"I think of this almost endless division" (says the author), "and, seeing that in no part of the world were citizens less prepared to act together, and to help one another in the time of danger, I comprehend how a great revolution could completely overthrow such a society in a moment. I imagine all these petty barriers overthrown by this great convulsion; and then I perceive a social body, more compact and more homogeneous than, perhaps, has ever before existed in the world."

So we can understand how a small body, how a contemptible minority, could inflict on the French the tyranny of their first Revolution. The agitators were united, but the rest could not unite. Plundering, burning, and destroying, were the order of the day, when Young was in France, after the capture of the Bastille. He remarks,

"That if the nobility of other provinces are hunted like those of Franche-Comté, of which there is little reason to doubt, that whole order of men will undergo a proscription, and suffer like sheep, without making the least effort to resist the attack."

Yet the *noblesse* of France was numerous enough to have made an army itself; and if the body could have been united, it was strong enough to make itself respected. But the *noblesse* had become impoverished and dispirited, save a few great seigneurs. These very nobles of Franche-Comté were miserably poor, and still absurdly proud. "They form," says an intendant, in 1750, "a fraternity, into which nobody is admitted who

cannot prove four quarters." Some of these four-quarter nobles were too poor to keep a horse. While the nobles were growing poorer, the *roturier* was growing rich. In some parts of France, as in the Limousin, the little nobility possessed hardly any landed property, and lived chiefly on their seigniorial rights and quit-rents. The *roturier*, who generally lived in a town, was often a proprietor of land,—sometimes he got even a seignory.

M. de Tocqueville has a long chapter, in which he shows "Comment ces hommes si semblables, étaient plus séparés qu'ils ne l'avaient jamais été en petits groupes étrangers les uns aux autres." The chapter is most interesting and instructive, but it is too long to analyze. Those who have read some of Balzac's novels, in which he describes provincial life in France, will easily understand how this society, in which the individuals so much resemble one another, was still divided into innumerable small bodies. M. de Tocqueville remarks that, since the middle ages, nobility has become a *caste*, and that its distinguishing characteristic is birth. He says, that wherever the feudal system was established on the continent, it has ended in *caste*; "in England alone it has returned to aristocracy." What he says of England is true in the main. The nobility of England is not a *caste*.

"Would you know whether *caste*, the ideas, the customs, and the barriers which it has created among a people, are completely destroyed?—examine the marriages among them. There, alone, you will find the decisive test. Even in our time, in France, after sixty years of democracy, you would often look for it in vain. The old and the new families, which seem confounded in everything else, still avoid in France, as much as they can, to unite themselves by marriage."

Some centuries before the French Revolution, we have examples of the *noblesse* and the *tiers état* acting in concert for the common interest. In the eighteenth century, when the old governments of France were worn out, when a new power had arisen, when the general liberties of the kingdom were gone, and the ruin of local freedom had followed as a consequence, the *bourgeois* and the *gentilhomme* have no occasions for meeting, and they thus become strangers and even enemies. While the *gentilhomme*

had been losing his political power, he had been acquiring privileges; and privileges without power make those who have them hated and feeble. Among the most odious privileges was the freedom from taxation—a privilege which, with the increase in the amount of taxation in the kingdom, became more hateful to those who were not exempt. When Louis XIV., being hard pressed for money, established two taxes, which all classes were bound to pay,—the capitation and the *vingtièmes*,—still there was a difference made in the collection even of these taxes between the *noblesse* and the *tiers état*. The author truly remarks, that, of all the ways of making a distinction among men and marking classes, inequality of taxation is the worst.

We have seen that the *noblesse* were separated by their habits, their prejudices, and their privileges from the rest of the nation. The *bourgeoisie* also were separated from the body of the nation, whom we call the people. The middle class generally lived in the towns, and the author explains the reason of this, as he conceives it. However this may be, the *bourgeois* living in the towns lost all taste for the country, and his ambition was to be a functionary. The passion of the French for places is of old date, and it has been fostered since the Revolution. Though the places under the old government did not always resemble those of the present day, there were more of them, as the author thinks, and the eagerness with which men sought after them was intense. "The chief difference that is observed between the times of which I speak and our own is, that then the government sold the places, while at present it gives them; to get them a man no longer gives money, he gives himself."

The *bourgeois*, too, was distinguished from the peasant by privileges. There were thousands of offices which exempted him either entirely or partially from the public burdens, the *milice*, the *corvée*, and the *taille*. The author is of opinion that the number of exemptions was as great among the *bourgeoisie* as among the *noblesse*, and often greater. Such privileges filled with envy and hatred those who had not got them, and made the possessors proud and insolent. The *bourgeois* and the people living in the same town became strangers and enemies. Turgot says, in one of his works, that the

*bourgeois* of the towns had contrived to regulate the *octrois* (duties paid on certain articles brought into towns) in such a way that they did not press on them.

The reader may suppose that he has now got a pretty good idea of the ancient *régime*, but the author assures us (p. 167) that we must read further in order to understand the society which made the revolution. He tells us that, notwithstanding all that had been done towards the establishment of absolute power, there was still a kind of liberty in France which is difficult to understand. He has a chapter (xi.) on this matter, which is very instructive. A few remarks may give some idea of what it contains:

"Centralization had already the same character, the same ways of proceeding, and the same objects as in our day, but not yet the same power. The government, in its eagerness to get money, having made most of the offices saleable, had thus deprived itself of the power of giving them and taking them away at its pleasure.—It was constantly under the necessity of employing instruments which it had not made itself, and could not destroy. It thus happened that its absolute will was weakened in the execution.—The government did not yet dispose of this infinite amount of favors, of relief, of honors, and of money which it can distribute at present; accordingly it had much fewer means of corruption and of compulsion.—Many of the privileges, of the prejudices, of the false ideas which were most opposed to the establishment of a regular and wholesome freedom, maintained in many persons a spirit of independence, and disposed them to resist the abuses of authority."

The nobles themselves, though they had lost their ancient power, retained something of the pride of their ancestors; they were as much the enemies of servitude as they were of order. The priests, who have since become the servile tools of the temporal sovereign, were one of the most independent bodies of the nation. Many of the ecclesiastics were of noble blood, and retained even in the church the pride and the intractable character of their race. But it was the possession of landed property which, more than anything else, contributed to give to the priest the ideas, the wants, the feelings, and often the passions of the citizen. Many of these priests,—as, for example, in Languedoc,—were excellent men of business, as we see among other evidence from

the minutes (*procès-verbaux*) of the provincial assemblies in 1779 and 1789.\* Bishops and abbés, eminent for their piety and knowledge, make reports on the establishment of roads and canals, and treat the subject like men who understood it well:

"I venture to think" (says the author), "contrary to an opinion which is very common and well fixed, that the people who deprive the Catholic clergy of all share in the property of the land, and change all their revenues into salaries, only serve the interests of the Holy See and those of temporal princes, and deprive themselves of a very great element of liberty.—If one would form a true idea of the revolutions which men's minds can undergo in consequence of a change in their condition, he must read the *cahiers* of the order of the clergy in 1789."

Here we learn something worth knowing. The servility of the clergy in France, under its two emperors, presents a striking contrast to its character under the old monarchy. The ancient clergy of France, in spite of the vices of some of the body, will always be remembered for its learning and its virtues. "I commenced," says the author, "the study of the old society full of prejudice against the clergy; I ended full of respect." This is a manly avowal. It shows the goodness of the author's heart, and his noble character. A man who can say this deserves our confidence.

"The man of the eighteenth century" (says M. de Tocqueville, p. 181) "knew little of this kind of passion for material comfort (*bien-être*), which is, as it were, the mother of servitude—a feeble passion, but one of great tenacity and unchangeable, which readily mingles with, and, as one may say, entwines itself among many private virtues—the love of family, well-regulated

\* Young tells a good story about a bishop of Languedoc. At Béziers, he went to see the farm of the Abbé Rozier, a writer on husbandry, but he was gone. "I asked why he left the country?" and they gave me a curious anecdote of the Bishop of Béziers' cutting a road through the abbé's farm, at the expense of the province, to lead to the house of the bishop's mistress, which occasioned such a quarrel, that Mons. Rozier could stay no longer in the country. This is a pretty feature of a government, that a man is to be forced to sell his estate and driven out of a country, because bishops make love—I suppose to their neighbors' wives, as no other love is fashionable in France. Which of my neighbors' wives will tempt the Bishop of Norwich to make a road through my farm, and drive me to sell Bradfield? I give my authority for this anecdote, the chat of a *table d'hôte*: it is as likely to be false as true; but Languedocian bishops are certainly not English ones."

morals, respect for religious creeds, and even the lukewarm and constant observance of the established forms of religion; a passion which is consistent with general propriety, but repugnant to heroism, which is excellently adapted to make orderly men and cowardly citizens. They were better and worse."

Thus we must not estimate the servility of the French before the Revolution by their submission to the sovereign power. They submitted to the will of the king, but there was a kind of obedience that they knew nothing of:

"They did not know what it was to bend before an illegitimate or disputed authority, which is little honored, often despised, but willingly submitted to because it is useful or can do harm. This degrading form of servitude was unknown to them. The king inspired them with feelings such as no prince, even the most absolute who has since appeared in the world, has been able to excite, and which are even become almost incomprehensible to us, so completely has the Revolution extirpated even the very roots of them from our heart. They had for him both the feeling which we have towards a father, and the respect which is only due to God. When submitting to his most arbitrary commands, they yielded less to constraint than to love; and thus it often happened that they preserved the freedom of the mind even in the most extreme dependence. For them the greatest evil in obeying was constraint; for us, it is the least. The worst part is in the servile sentiment which produces obedience. Let us, then, not despise our fathers; we have no right to do it. Would to God that we might be able to recover, with their prejudices and their faults, a little of their grandeur."

The author's conclusion is, that the ancient régime was not a time of servility and dependence; there was much more liberty than in our days, but it was an irregular liberty, always confined within the limits of class, and attached to the idea of exception and privilege. Certainly the men who met in the Constituent Assembly, and those bold spirits which disturbed France and the world, were not such men as could have been produced in a country where all liberty had been extinguished.

There still remain several elements to be considered before we attain a full perception of the condition of France before the Revolution of 1789. But we can only indicate them briefly. The author endeavors to es-

tablish the fact (chap. XII.) that, notwithstanding the progress of civilization, the condition of the French peasant was sometimes worse in the eighteenth century than it had been in the thirteenth. Everybody had left the country except the peasant; the nobility and *bourgeois* did not live there. The peasant was alone. The author affirms this to have been the general rule. There only remained one gentleman in each village, and that was the *curé*, who, in spite of Voltaire, says the author, might have been the master, if he had not belonged to a privileged class which was hated. Thus, in the eighteenth century, a French village is a community of poor, ignorant people, left entirely alone, with no person of superior condition to help, aid, or advise them, or set them a better example. In Ireland the same miserable condition existed not long since, and the results have been very much the same in both countries, though they have come in different ways. This poor French peasant—a free man and a proprietor, ignorant and miserable—still preserved the natural perspicacity of his race, but he had lost even the capacity of applying himself to agriculture. His aptitude was almost limited to arms; a talent for war is a characteristic of the Gallic race. He lived alone in his village; but from time to time some of the new ideas reached him. Externally he did not seem changed; his habits, his faith, were the same; he was submissive, and even merry. But let this man, who bears so well what he cannot avoid, be roused by the hope of escaping from his miserable condition, and then you will know what he is capable of doing:

"It is curious to see in what strange security all the persons were living who occupied the upper and middle ranks of French society, even at the moment when the Revolution was commencing; to hear them talk so cleverly among themselves of the virtues of the people, their kind disposition, their faithful attachment, their innocent pleasures, when already '93 is beneath their feet."

In the reign of Louis XVI., one of the few French kings who cared for his people, it began to be the practice for the king himself to tell the people, or for his agents to do it for him, that they were oppressed and ill treated. Thirteen years before the Revolution, when the king attempted to

abolish the *corvée*, he said in his preamble:

"With the exception of a small number of provinces (*les pays d'état*), almost all the roads of the kingdom have been made gratuitously by the poorest part of our subjects. All the weight of this burden accordingly has fallen on those who have only their arms, and who are only interested in a secondary degree in the roads; those who are really interested are the proprietors, almost all privileged, whose property is increased in value by the making of the roads. By forcing the poor alone to support them, by compelling him to give his time and his labor without pay, we deprive him of the only resource which he has against misery and hunger, in order to make him work for the advantage of the rich."

This, and other things like it, were said in public documents, which the government printed and published. They were, of course, addressed to the enlightened part of the nation. The people, it was generally understood, heard without understanding. With all the good intentions displayed during the reign of Louis XVI. for relieving the misery of the poor, there was mingled a great amount of contempt for them; and "this," remarks M. de Tocqueville, "reminds us somewhat of the opinions of Madame Duchâtelet, who made no scruple, says Voltaire's secretary, about undressing herself before her people, not considering it well proved that valets were men."

M. de Tocqueville explains (chap. XIII.) how the writers (*hommes de lettres*) of the eighteenth century had become the chief political personages of the country, and the consequences of it. The consequences were plain. These men had no practical knowledge of affairs, and yet matters political and social were their favorite topics. They discussed the origin of society, the rights of man, the foundations of law, sometimes carelessly and slightly, sometimes with great labor and industry, if not with great exactness of thought. Dealing with general principles and with things in the abstract, they had no idea of the immense practical difficulties which stand in the way even of the most desirable reforms, and of the dangers that accompany even the most necessary revolutions. They had not even that superficial knowledge which every man has in a free country simply from living among free institutions. Thus, like all men who think

only, and never act, they became bold in opinion: they despised all experience, and had no faith except in their own systems. Their readers being as ignorant as themselves, gave them a ready ear. Even the higher classes of the *ancien régime* were so blinded, that they readily accepted the theories of the men who handled the pen, even those which were most hostile to their own rights and their very existence. It was an amusement to them, while enjoying peaceably their privileges, to laugh at the absurdity of all the established customs. Yet they never dreamed of a violent revolution.

"I read attentively the *cahiers*\* which the Three Orders drew up before the meeting of the States General in 1789; I say the Three Orders—those of the nobility and clergy as well as those of the *tiers état*. I observe that here they call for the change of a law, there of a custom. I continue to the end of this immense piece of work, and when I come to put together all these several demands, I see, with a sort of alarm, that what they ask for is the simultaneous and systematic abolition of all the laws and of all the usages of the country; I see at once that the question is going to be about one of the greatest and most dangerous revolutions which have ever happened on the earth. Those who will soon be the victims know nothing of it: they believe that the total and sudden transformation of such a complicated ancient society can be effected without a shock, by the aid of reason, and by its sole power."

\* These *cahiers*, or *memoires*, were drawn up in perfect freedom by each of the Three Orders; they were fully discussed and considered by each of the Three Orders; "For," says the author, "the government of this time, when it addressed itself to the nation, did not undertake both to ask questions and give the answer." The chief part of the *cahiers* were collected at the time, and published in three volumes. The originals are deposited in the national archives, and with them the minutes of the assemblies which drew them up, and some of the correspondence which took place at the time between Necker and his agents on the occasion of these assemblies. The collection is a long series of folio volumes, the most precious document which remains on the ancient condition of France, and which every one must study who would know what opinion was in France at the commencement of the Revolution. M. de Tocqueville says (p. 400), that the printed volumes are a faithful abbreviation of what the manuscripts contain. Young has some remarks on the demands contained in the *cahiers* (p. 618). He says,—"From this detail of the instructions given by the nation, I will not assert that everything which the National Assembly has decreed is justifiable; but it may be very fairly concluded, that much the greater part of their *arrêts*, and many that have been the most violently arraigned, are here expressly demanded."

When the difficulties of the Government, and particularly its financial embarrassment, caused the convocation of the States General, in 1789, at Versailles, everything was ready for the explosion; and we who live now, and can see better than the actors in that great drama could do, are not surprised at the catastrophe.

One word more. Sometimes the French Revolution has been attributed to the American, and there is no doubt that the establishment of the independence of the British colonies had some influence on the French Revolution, some effect, perhaps, in hastening it, but no more. "The Americans" says M. de Tocqueville (p. 223) "seemed only to execute that which our writers had conceived; they gave the substance of the reality to that which we were dreaming about." Abstract theories, however, had little to do with the American Revolution, which was made by a people of a very different character from the French, and who had received a very different political education under the colonial government of Great Britain. Yet the enunciation of the rights of man,\* as they are called, came from the other side of the Atlantic, and the American Declaration of Independence is redolent of those abstract theories of government in which the revolutionary Frenchmen had unbounded faith. But the Declaration of Inde-

\* "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."—*Declaration of Independence.*

pendence was the work of Mr. Jefferson, who was a great admirer of the French writers. Though his draught of the Declaration was approved by Adams and Franklin, and formally accepted by Congress, there was not a man in America, except Jefferson, who would have expressed it in the same language.

Here we must pause, both for the sake of keeping within reasonable limits, and because the matter is too large to be adequately treated in any review. Enough has been said to show what are the author's opinions of the state of France before the Revolution, and of what we may call the causes of it. There still remain several chapters which we have not analyzed; and this omission leaves the examination of the author's work less complete than it might be. There is a chapter (xvi.) in which he shows that the reign of Louis XVI. was the most prosperous period of the ancient monarchy, and that this very prosperity hastened the Revolution; another (xviii.) on certain measures by which the Government completed the revolutionary education of the people, not intending to accomplish so good work, we may assume; and another (xix.) on a great administrative revolution just before the year 1789, and its consequences. The author concludes:

"I have now reached the threshold of this memorable Revolution; at present I shall not enter; in a short time, perhaps, I shall be able to do so. I shall then not consider the Revolution in its causes; I shall examine it in itself, and probably I shall venture to pass a judgment on the society which has sprung out of it."

All men who love truth must earnestly wish that the author may be able to finish his work.

**HEAVY ORDNANCE.**—The recent experiments with the great wrought iron gun, which weighs about twenty-two tons, and throws a ball of nearly three hundred pounds' weight, prove that, within range of a broadside of the finest line-of-battle-ship in the world, one charge would be sufficient to completely destroy the largest ship that ever sailed. The excavation made on the first descent of the ball is two or three feet thick; and such is the ease of loading the gun that it can be fired and charged and fired again in less than ten minutes.

**AMERICAN MARBLES.**—In West Rutland, Vt., marble is obtained which has no superior for sculpture in the world, and some of it has been exported to Rome, ordered by Italian sculptors. It has a fine grain and works beautifully under the chisel. At Great Barrington, Mass., there is a flexible marble, which bends like a bow when wet. Black marble, equal to that of Ireland, is found in New York, and verd antique is found in many districts, and in every State, in almost every variety.

## THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND.—SNOW FLAKES.

From The National Era.

### THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND.\*

Across the frozen marshes  
The winds of autumn blow,  
And the fen-lands of the Wetter  
Are white with early snow.

But where the low, gray headlands  
Look o'er the Baltic brine,  
A bark is sailing in the track  
Of England's battle-line.

No wars hath she to barter  
For Bothnia's fish and grain;  
She saileth not for pleasure,  
She saileth not for gain.

But, still by isle or mainland,  
She drops her anchor down,  
Where'er the British cannon  
Rained fire on tower and town.

Outspake the ancient Amptman,  
At the gate of Helsingfors:

"Why comes this ship a-spying  
In the track of England's wars?"

"God bless her," said the coast-guard,  
"God bless the ship, I say.  
The holy angels trim the sails  
That speed her on her way!

"Where'er she drops her anchor,  
The peasant's heart is glad;  
Where'er she spreads her parting sail,  
The peasant's heart is sad.

"Each wasted town and hamlet  
She visits to restore;  
To roof the shattered cabin,  
And feed the starving poor.

"The sunken boats of fishers,  
The foraged beeves and grain,  
The spoil of flake and storehouse,  
The good ship brings again.

"And so to Finland's sorrow  
The sweet amend is made,  
As if the healing hand of Christ  
Upon her wounds were laid!"

Then said the gray old Amptman,  
"The will of God be done!  
The battle, lost by England's hate,  
By England's love is won!

"We braved the iron tempest  
That thundered on our shore;  
But when did kindness fail to find  
The key to Finland's door?

"No more from Aland's ramparts  
Shall warning signal come,  
Nor startled Swenborg hear again  
The roll of midnight drum.

\* A late letter from England, in the *Friend's Review*, says: "Joseph Sturge, with a companion, Thomas Harvey, has been visiting the shores of Finland, to ascertain the amount of mischief and loss to poor and peaceable sufferers, occasioned by the gun-boats of the Allied squadrons in the late war, with a view to obtaining relief for them."

"Beside our fierce Black Eagle  
The Dove of Peace shall rest;  
And in the mouths of cannon  
The sea-bird make her nest.

"For Finland, looking seaward,  
No coming foe shall scan;  
And the holy bells of Abo  
Shall ring, 'Good-will to man!'

"Then row thy boat, O fisher!  
In peace on lake and bay;  
And thou, young maiden, dance again  
Around the poles of May!

"Sit down, old men, together,  
Old wives, in quiet spin;  
Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon  
Is the brother of the Fin!"

J. G. W.

From The Transcript.

### SNOW-FLAKES.

I shut up my book with a murmur,  
At the close of a thoughtful day,  
And watched the flecks of feathery flakes  
Go trooping and bounding away.

They dissolved in the darkling river  
That sadly and turbidly ran,  
As often a faint thrill of sorrow  
Melts to joy in the heart of a man.

They fell on the tremulous branches,  
And fringed them with tassels of white,  
Just stirred, like the wings of good angels,  
Passing earthward in showers of light.

But the winds sighed sorely and sadly,  
And sang in their soberest strain,  
As they rustled the robes of grim spectres,  
Sweeping over the muffled plain;

And the clouds swung sombre and leaden  
Aloft in the shadowy air,  
Like great bells of a silent sorrow,  
On the perilous heights of despair.

But the blush of the timorous evening  
Stole softly from over the hill,  
And purpled the fleece of earth's ermine  
Drift-fringed by the storm-wizard's will.

Ah! 'tis thus, thought I, in Life's winter,  
When the jubilant summers have fled,  
And the wail of the wind-harp rises  
Like a dirge for the sainted dead—

That often the snow-flakes of kindness  
Fall softly and soothingly o'er  
The heart that is chilled by the breezes  
That blow from a pitiless shore;

And the things that had once looked gloomy  
And sad in the darkening days,  
Grow bright with a singular beauty,  
Full flushed by a mystical haze.

Portland, Me.

IDLER.

From Chambers' Journal.

## A WILDERNESS OF WILD DUCKS.

A TASTE for natural history, a fondness for what quaint old Izaak Walton terms the contemplative man's recreation, and an especial interest in all matters relating to the finned and feathered tribes of animals, annually attract me to the fen-districts of England. On one of these excursions, about nine years since, I accidentally learned, to my great surprise, that in this country of sights and sight-seers, there were places strictly *tabooed* from all but the very few persons employed in their management; places that had never been profaned by the presence of a stranger; where even the spells of that most potent of enchanters—money—fail to gain an entrance; and where, I may add, for the benefit of those who love a spice of the horrible, many hundreds of innocent lives are yearly sacrificed before the insatiate shrine of Mammon. Naturally of a persevering disposition, I have, time after time, made various attempts to gain admission to several of these places; but in each instance met with a decided, and, in truth, sometimes not very polite, refusal. It is, however, only fair to state that the principal objection was not lest I should become "mair wise," as Burns has it, but lest my undesirable presence should interfere with the successful working, or detract from the reputation of the establishment; for, like many other business undertakings, the profits of these places depend solely on their reputation—their reputation, among the wildest of birds, in utter deserts unknown to the eye, unfrequented by the foot of the great persecutor, man. Consequently the sight, sound, or even odor of a man, if detected by the most timid and watchful of animals, might render fruitless the operations of weeks, and seriously reduce the profits of a whole season.

Human curiosity ever hankers to acquire a knowledge of the secret and forbidden; so each refusal made me the more anxious to succeed; every new discovery abroad tantalized me to think how I had been baffled at home. Captain M'Clure solved the long-hidden problem of the northwest passage; while I, Bradshaw in hand, was fruitlessly fretting and fuming up and down on the Eastern Counties Railway. Lake Ngami was explored; but I could not gain access to a Norfolk or Lincolnshire duck-pond. Lieu-

tenant Burton entered the kaaba, kissed the black stone, and pelted the representative of a certain person who shall here be nameless; yet I could not penetrate the hidden recesses of an English fen. At last perseverance met with its reward. By a curious coincidence, on the very morning I read an account, in the *Times*, of the late ascent of Mount Ararat, I received a letter which gave me hopes, and subsequently led to their realization.

How I ultimately attained my long-desired object, it matters not to state. The time was last September; the place, I am forbidden to reveal. I was admitted by the proprietor, who, conducting the operations of his own establishment in person, was partly independent of any opposition to my presence, from the almost superstitious prejudices of the men generally employed in these places. Perfectly aware that the slightest indiscretion on my part might entail a heavy pecuniary loss on my liberal-minded conductor, I submitted to be led by the arm while on the delicate ground. Moreover, I promised to tread as lightly as possible, to preserve the strictest silence, to guard against any inadvertent exclamation escaping my lips, and to abstain from coughing or sneezing, though a piece of lighted turf should be held beneath my nose, to overpower the undesirable odor of my breath. Upon these conditions, all of which, I am happy to say, I faithfully, yet somewhat irksomely fulfilled, I was admitted among the devious covered ways, and behind the treacherous screens of a place which wild-fowl foolishly consider to be a sanctuary, but which men technically, as well as literally, term a decoy.

"Dear me!" exclaims the reader, "it is a decoy for catching wild-fowl the man makes so much mysterious fuss about. Almost every book on natural history describes it; and there is a capital account of one in the *Penny Magazine*, which, with two illustrations, explains the whole affair." Softly, good reader. All the descriptions you have read were inaccurate, being derived from hearsay, and not from eyesight. The illustrations in the *Penny Magazine* are nice wood-cuts; but, though they have since done duty in another publication, the *Museum of Animated Nature*, they are, nevertheless, mere fancy sketches, representing neither the form, the working, nor the *habitus* of a decoy. One yelp of that noisy spaniel would ruin a

dozen decoys. The dog, too, is represented behind the birds, as if frightening them, instead of being before, to attract them. Those well-dressed individuals, in sporting habiliments, would terrify a decoy-man into fits. One of them, as if to heighten the absurdity of the affair, is represented with a gun in his hand; while a gun in a decoy would be as much out of place as a blazing firebrand in a powder-magazine. So strictly, indeed, have strangers been prohibited from entering a decoy, that even the late distinguished naturalist, Mr. Yarrell, copied these erroneous illustrations from the *Penny Magazine* into his standard work on British birds; with one slight exception, however—the ridiculous apparition of the man with the gun was judiciously omitted in the copy.

A decoy is a sequestered pond or lake, sheltered on all sides by thickets and reeds. It must be far from any human habitation, and the proprietor must possess sufficient influence, or surrounding land, to prevent the most distant report of a gun from ever being heard in its silent precincts. The whistle of the ploughman; the tinkle of the sheep-bell, the sharpening of the mower's scythe, must never be heard in this wilderness of wild-fowl. It must be far from a road or navigable river. The shrill shriek of a railway-engine, the hollow rumble of a wagon, the lively rattle of an oar, the dull creaking of a barge's sail, are heard on still days at a considerable distance, but must never be heard there. The decoy, in short, must be perfectly noiseless, except such noise as its feathered inhabitants choose to make themselves. The sound made by a few blows of a hammer, in mending a gate, half a mile off, has put upon the wing all the birds in a decoy, and injured the quiet character of the place for some time.

Decoys, like many other things, differ in their size and arrangements; I shall therefore more particularly describe the one I have myself seen. The lake is rather less than three acres in extent, and star-shaped, having six corners or recesses. From each corner, a curved ditch, covered by arched hoops, over which netting is spread, runs into the land; these ditches are termed "pipes," and in them the birds are captured, when allured from the central pond. The pipes, at their junction with the lake, are about eighteen feet wide, and the first hoop of net-

ting is ten feet high, but both gradually contract, during their semicircular length of seventy-five yards, till they arrive at their joint terminus, the fatal tunnel or purse net, which lies upon the ground. The object of having six pipes, opening to opposite points of the compass, is to suit different winds; for the most advantageous time to lure the birds is when the wind blows sideways down the pipe; then the smell of the decoy-man is carried away to leeward, and the fowl ever prefer to swim against the wind. Seen from a balloon, the decoy would not uncharacteristically resemble an immense spider, the main pool being the body, the pipes its outstretched legs.

To some extent on each side of the mouth of a pipe, and facing the lake, there is a line of reed-screen; and on the outer bend of the semicircular shaped pipe, there is a series of ten or twelve screens, each about twelve feet in length, and overlapping each other at their extremities. These last-mentioned screens are called "shootings;" like all the rest in the decoy, they are made of the common marsh-reeds, and it is behind them the man is concealed when observing and "working," as he terms it, the birds. Between all these screens and the water, there is left a small margin of bank. The net, for some distance up the pipe, is fastened to the screens, but still farther up it is pegged down to the ground. As the more open the place seems to be, the birds have less cause for suspicion, the screens are seldom more than five and a half feet in height; and, consequently, a tall man cannot show his figure to much advantage in a decoy.

Such are the general features of a decoy; but it would be quite useless for any practical purpose, if the proprietor did not enlist in his service the aid of two very dissimilar animals—a dog and a duck. The dog is of no particular breed, merely a wretched little mongrel, the stupidest of the canine race, and utterly useless for any other purpose. It must be perfectly mute, never known even to whimper, and have no predilection for hunting any kind of game whatever, save and except the small deer that may seek sustenance and shelter in its dirty coat. It knows no name or familiar appellation, but obeys the silent movement of its master's hand. Its sole work is to jump in and out, as quickly as possible, between two

screens, and as, unlike other dogs used in catching wild animals, it has no sporting interest in this jumping exercise—as, from its want of common canine intelligence, it has no sense of duty or gratitude to stimulate its activity, every time it jumps it servilely receives its wages in the form of a piece of bread. Its education costs but little trouble. It is first trained to jump for bread, in and out, among the chairs and tables of a dwelling-house, and when perfect, is taken to the decoy, where it becomes an unconscious instrument of destruction in its master's hands. Nor is the decoy-duck one whit more conscious of the purpose for which it is employed than the dog. To be sure, we may all have read, in some works on natural history, how the decoy-duck evinces a fiendish delight in luring its simple associates to the slaughter; and even poets and moralists have not disdained to cite the unconscious tool as an example of treachery; but all such stories are sheer nonsense—the duck, like the dog, works for food alone, and neither knows nor cares anything about the fate of those it lures to death. The decoy-ducks are selected from such of the young of the domesticated kind as may happen to possess the distinctive plumage of their wild ancestors. Their training commences in their first year. They are shut up in an outhouse or some other secluded place, and fed only by the person who is to use them, and who, while they are eating, whistles in a peculiar and almost inaudible tone. They soon learn to know their feeder's peculiar step and whistle, and to eat out of his hand. They are then taken to the decoy, where they are fed every night in one of the pipes; the call by which they are brought to feed is the low faint whistle already mentioned.

Having mentioned the decoy-man's friends and assistants, I must now allude to his enemies and opposers, who as unconsciously frustrate, as the former aid, his labors. And these opposers are the more tormenting, as, from the very nature of the place, their opposition is carried on with full impunity; they cannot be driven away or destroyed, without forfeiting the quiet, unfrequented-by-man character of the decoy, upon which alone all success depends. The larger birds of the hawk tribe do not fail to levy toll on the fat young ducks, yet they are less antag-

onistic to the successful working of the decoy than the piscivorous heron. This bird delights to fish in the shallow water at the entrance of a pipe. With glistening eye and head drawn back, in readiness for the fatal blow, the heron, as motionless as if carved in stone, patiently waits till some wandering fish ventures within reach of its elastic neck; then, with the quickness of lightning, its beak is launched forth, the fish is caught and gulped, and the bird instantaneously resumes its fixed attitude, till another victim approaches within its deadly range. The mere presence of a heron fishing at the mouth of a pipe would be of little moment, if the senses of this bird were not more acute than even those of the wild-fowl. The slightest movement of the decoy-man behind the screen, the scent of the burning turf he occasionally lights to prevent the birds from being sensible of his own effluvia, is sufficient to startle the heron, which flies off with the peculiar scream of dismay it invariably utters when suddenly alarmed. There may not be a universal language among birds, but each tribe well knows the alarm-cry of another. Consequently, the wild-fowl are alarmed by the cry of the heron; they know there is danger somewhere, though from what cause or in what quarter they cannot perceive. Becoming restless and suspicious, they take up a position in the centre of the lake, and more than one day may pass before their apprehensions are quieted, and they again approach the vicinity of the pipes. Sometimes the heron will impudently perch itself on the topmost hoop of the netted covering of the pipe, and there seemingly sleep for hours. But, whether asleep or awake, it is ever on the alert; and as long as the heron chooses to remain in its elevated position, the decoy-man must lie concealed as close as Falstaff in the buck-basket, lest by any means he should disturb the most unwelcome visitor.

There is also one species of duck, the pochard or dun-bird, whose habits and customs are exceedingly annoying to the decoy-man. Not only do they very rarely permit themselves to be caught, but they do all in their power to prevent that fate happening to others. They will fill the entrance of a pipe, amusing themselves by diving for grain that may have sunk there, and assiduously drive away whole flocks of simpler teal,

widgeon, and wild-ducks that would go up the channel, for the benefit of the decoy-man and their own destruction. The most agile manoeuvres of the decoy-dog have no attraction for them; with the decoy-duck, they scorn to associate. This is the more tiresome, that the pochard, being a near relative of the famous canvas-back duck of America, is second only to it in epicurean estimation, and always commands a high price in the market. Nor is this cautious conduct of the pochards caused by mere suspicion—they actually know that danger exists in the upper part of the pipe. Of all the duck tribe, they alone have the boldness and sagacity to make good their retreat after having passed a certain point in that fatal pathway to the poulterer's shop. They may not know all the dread secrets of the sanguinary shambles at the farther end of the pipe, but they know quite enough: they have seen a man in the pipe, and they alone, of all the wild frequenters of the decoy, have seen that man and escaped with life—whether to tell the tale or not, who can say?

The pike is another grievous nuisance to the decoy-man. Though this rapacious fish will actually devour young ducks, yet such depredations are of little consequence compared with the mischief it often causes, by frightening the old ones. After having gorged like a boa constrictor, it loves to lie in the quiet shallow water at the mouth of a pipe, there, in all probability, to digest its prey and meditate on future rapine. The day may be favorable for sport: a flock of wild-fowl, piloted by the decoy-duck, may be swimming into the pipe, like a fleet of ships entering a haven, when the lazy pike, with one slight splash of its tail, rolls lubberly round to see who the intruders may be. It is enough: in one instant the frightened birds are on the wing, their necks are saved for that day, and the decoy-man loses a catch worth probably £20, all through that splash of a fish's tail.

The wild-fowl, according to their natural habit, leave the decoy every evening, at twilight, to feed in the surrounding marshes, and, returning at daybreak in the morning, sleep till about noon, when they waken up, and commence the amusements and avocations of the day. Their first attention is paid to dress. Having carefully preened

their feathers, they break up into groups, and apparently engage in animated conversations. If towards the earlier part of the year, a good deal of flirtation is carried on among the younger birds, and rival beaux adjust their jealous differences in single combat; for polygamy, though a recognized institution among domesticated ducks, is unpractised by the wild species. The banks of the decoy, for some distance on each side of the entrance of a pipe, are levelled, and kept free from rank herbage; and here a number of the birds sedately sit, while the rest pursue their various amusements in the water, as free and unconstrainedly, as if they were in the desolate wilds of Bothnia, where many of them were hatched. Little do they fancy that the watchful eye of the silent decoy-man is anxiously studying all their movements, through cunningly constructed holes in the reed-screen. About two o'clock, if the wind, weather, and other contingencies be favorable, the decoy-man emits the peculiar faint whistle which serves as a dinner-call to the decoy-duck. Everything depends on the decoy-duck's behavior at this critical moment, and its behavior entirely depends on the state of its appetite. If it has had but a scant supper the previous evening, it will hurriedly flutter and splash along the water towards the pipe, and thereby alarm and disconcert the wild birds. If, on the other hand, it has had too plentiful a supper, it will be careless and indifferent, and fail to attract the attention of its neighbors. But if the proper medium has been observed, it will swim towards the pipe with a self-satisfied going-to-dinner sort of air, that irresistibly induces a number, more or less, of the wild-fowl to join its company. As the flock approach the shore, the birds on the bank, seeing that something is going on, join the others in the water, and the whole soon arrive at the mouth of the pipe, where the decoy-duck, having accomplished its duty, falls in the rear. The most remarkable part of the proceeding, the attraction of the dog, then comes into play. The decoy-man, stationed behind the first screen, or shooting, next to the lake, throws a small piece of bread on the ground, and the dog, as duly trained, does not pick up the bread at once, but, making a circuit, jumps through a place, left for the purpose, where the shootings overlap, to the front of

the screen, in full sight of the birds, and rapidly jumping out again at another place, picks up the bread, and returns to its master. The birds, instead of being alarmed at this momentary apparition of the dog, are attracted by curiosity, or some other motive, and swim up the pipe towards the place where it disappeared. The man and dog then move noiselessly on to the next screen; a similar operation is repeated, and the birds, again attracted, follow. Great patience and much skill, the fruit of long experience, are required to conduct this process successfully. By moving small sticks, artfully inserted in the screens, the decoy-man can always have a momentary view of his intended victims; and he must carefully study every circumstance for and against him—the wind, weather, and season of the year; the temper of the birds—whether they be eager or indifferent, timid or bold, reckless or suspicious, and act accordingly. If all go well, the wild-fowl follow the dog from screen to screen, till the semicircular bend of the pipe shuts out the view from the lake. The man then shows himself, waving his hat behind the birds, and the latter, panic-stricken, and afraid to pass him downwards to the lake, confusedly scurry along the avenue of death into the fatal purse-net, where, in a few minutes, their necks are dislocated, and they become food for epicures. One man is quite sufficient to "work" the birds. In peculiar cases, when an assistant is required, additional care and caution must be used. But if a third person be behind the screens, the wild-fowl, in spite of the burning turf, which is occasionally lighted, will perceive the human odor, and, becoming suspicious, speedily make their exit from the pipe.

The decoy-duck, as already observed, remains at the mouth of the pipe, and when the tragedy at the other end is consummated, comes in, and gets its dinner. The man does not approve of a decoy duck that is "too bold," meaning thereby one that leads the way up the pipe. When questioned why so, he replies: "Because it might fancy, some fine day, to turn round and lead the way out again." This, I suspect, is not the exact reason. The decoy-man, passing the greater part of his solitary life in the silent and unhealthy marsh, skilled in the signs of the heavens foretelling change of wind or weather,

and in the movements and habits of the brute creation—constantly exercising his little more than mere animal cunning against the nearly if not quite equal instinct of the wild-fowl—is, as may well be supposed, one of the most uncommunicative of men, and brimful of the strangest prejudices and most curious superstitions. The true reason why he does not approve of the decoy-duck swimming up the pipe is, that he does not want it to know anything about the neck-dislocating business; he wishes it to know him, not as the murderer of its companions, but as its faithful friend and feeder, and that is all he wants it to know.

The attraction of the dog is certainly a curious fact. When the birds are new-comers into the decoy, they will crowd upon one another, apparently to enjoy the sight of the miserable little quadruped; they will turn round with doubt and dissatisfaction when it disappears behind the screen, and push forward again with alacrity when it reappears. The old stagers in the decoy, however, are not so readily attracted by the dog; on some occasions, it will require to be "put through" as it is termed, many times at one screen before the birds enter into the spirit of the thing. When they are very indifferent to its motions, a red handkerchief, tied round the dog's neck, frequently attracts them. But how or why does the dog attract them? If a decoy-man be asked this question, he will give the very unsatisfactory reply: "Because they take it for a fox." In my opinion, the ducks are attracted by curiosity, in the first instance, and then follow the movements of the dog out of a natural but silly spirit of bravado. Something of a similar kind may be observed when a number of tame ducks are swimming in a pond, and a dog comes to drink; the birds will gather up in a body, and swim a short distance towards the dog, as if to threaten or intimidate it; and if the dog walks away along the edge, they will follow quacking, as if they chuckled at their own courage and the intruder's inglorious retreat.

I have already alluded to the sagacity of the pochard, I shall now explain its mode of escape. Sometimes, in a dark night, the commander of a ship will suddenly find himself surrounded by shoals; danger is on every side, and no friendly light to show the safe course. When such a circumstance occurs, the only method of escape is to go about,

and, if the wind will permit, steer towards the directly opposite point of the compass to that which the ship had just been steered. The reason is obvious; by doing so, the vessel passes over the same track as she had recently been passing over; and the very circumstance of her having passed over it proves that, wherever danger may exist, that course at least is safe. Now this is just the method of escape adopted by the pochards. When the man shows himself, they, instead of recklessly dashing into unknown dangers, dive, and make the best of their way down the pipe, following the exact course by which they came up; and thus it is that they, of all the birds in the decoy, have seen the man and lived.

The decoy-men tell how one of their race, a noted destroyer of the bird tribe, was so "awfully aggravated" by the cunning pochards, that he determined, even at the risk of alarming the decoy, to "circumvent" them, in the following manner:—A net was pegged down at the bottom of the water, ready to be raised, at a given signal, over the mouth of the pipe. When the alarm was given, the pochards dived in their usual manner, but coming to the net, they turned, took wing, and flew a short distance up the pipe, then wheeling, they dashed back again, and forced their way out through the narrow interstice left between the net and the arched roof of the pipe. Indeed, in the decoy-man's estimation, the pochard is a sort of minor incarnation of the evil one—more of a demon than a duck.

The season for working the decoy is during the five months comprised between the 1st of October and the 1st of March. Great numbers of wild-ducks, breeding in the decoy, remain all the year round, and their young are in fine condition, and might easily be taken in September; but there would be no sale for them, that being the month *par excellence* of partridges. About the beginning of October, particularly if northeasterly winds prevail, the first flight of foreign birds, teal,

widgeon, wild-ducks, pochards, shovellers, and pin-tail, arrive from their solitary breeding-quarters in the almost boundless morasses of Northern Europe; but it is not till severe weather sets in that these first-comers are followed by the second and grand migration. During hard frosts, the birds cannot be worked in the usual manner; yet even then, considerable numbers are taken, by breaking the ice in the pipes at night, and laying a train of refuse malt, barley, or other grain, to allure the fowl past the fatal point where the man shows himself. It is at night, too, that all repairs must be made in the nets and screens, when the birds are away on their habitual feeding-excursions.

Blomefield, in his History of Norfolk, states that decoys were invented by a certain Sir William Woodhouse, in the reign of James I.; but there is an ancient Egyptian painting in the British Museum, probably as old as the first Pharaoh, which evidently represents the catching of wild-fowl on the decoy system. The swarthy profile of the Egyptian fowler is depicted in the very act of showing himself to the frightened birds, at his feet is the tame decoy-duck, while a cat performs the duty of the dog.

Whatever decoys may have been at one time, they are not now considered to be profitable speculations. Year by year witnesses their decrease, and they will very soon be numbered among the things that have been. The domesticated animals are speedily usurping the erst desolate haunts of the wild children of nature; the yellow grain and meat-producing turnip are profitably supplanting the rustling reeds and mallows of the marsh. The wild feathered tribes, that withstood the bow and net of our ancestors, the fowling piece of a modern sportsman, and the professional shooter's murderous punt-gun, large enough to have passed for a piece of artillery in the time of Elizabeth, are now nearly exterminated by still more formidable and more useful weapons—the pick, shovel, and wheelbarrow of the indomitable navy.

"STUNT."—Ray gives the same definition of this word as Halliwell does, and derives it from the A.-S. *stunt*, which Bosworth explains to mean blunt, stupid, foolish. Ray calls it a Lincolnshire word. He hints at its derivation from the verb to *stand*; and in Lincolnshire anything which seems to have stopped short of its full growth is called *stunted* or *stinted*. The proverb, "*He's as stunt as a burnt wong*," is

rendered in the southeastern division of Lincolnshire "*as tough as a burnt wong*;" *wong* (*thong*) meaning a slip of leather, generally *whit-leather*. One of the meanings of *tough*, as given by Webster, is *stiff*, not *flexible*; and certainly a leather *wong* that had been burnt and shrivelled up would be anything but flexible; it would be stiff, *stunt*, and obstinate to change. — *Notes and Queries*. FISKEY THOMPSON.

From Fraser's Magazine.

### COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE FAR EAST.

It is a fact established on the indisputable authority of the returns of the Board of Trade, that ever since 1850, the British shipping round the Cape of Good Hope has shown an annual increase of at least one hundred thousand tons.\* The road round the Cape of course is the road to India, Australia, and China, and to other colonies and independent countries, which have not, up to the present time, become either familiar or important enough to the British public to bear us out in the task of enumerating them. They may be accurately laid down in maps, with their seaboard, mountains, and rivers marked most distinctly; and a good deal concerning them may be known to Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society. But they belong to the pioneers of science rather than to the sphere of hardy, plodding, practical life. Some time ago, the newspapers announced the probable arrival, one day or other, of an elephant of a peculiar color, and other presents rich and rare, sent by the King of Siam to her Majesty. Who, until this announcement excited the hope of admiring this elephant in the Zoological Gardens, knew of or cared for Siam? That kingdom has faded from the minds of Europeans, ever since its Twins became matter for history and the fireside tales of old men.\* And as it is with Siam, so it is with many other kingdoms and island-covered seas in the Eastern World. We know of their existence. We know that there are mountains in the moon. The strangest portions of *Les Mariages du Père Olifus* are not the fables of that persevering mermaid who hunts her faithless husband from Monnikendam to Cochin China; but the accounts of the manners and customs, the produce and trade of Madagascar, Ceylon, Negombo, Goa, Calicut, Manilla, and Bidondo, and the other coast-towns and islands visited by Olifus in quest of a wife. The Far East—in contradistinction to the Near East—for the integrity of which we went to war with Russia—contains a population of six hundred millions of people, or perhaps more; and of these, one hundred millions at most can be said to be in correspondence with the manufacturing and raw produce-

\* We are promised, however, some enlightenment upon it in the work announced for publication by Sir John Bowring, who last year went on a special mission from Hong Kong to the two Kings of Siam.

consuming countries of Europe and America, and even of their correspondence the greater portion is of very recent date. The rise and progress of the East India Company, from the first establishment of their factory to the present day, is too well known to claim more than a passing allusion. Our Indian empire over one hundred millions of subjects, and fifty millions of tributaries and allies, more or less ripe for annexation, is the great civilizing fact of the last hundred years. Within the last thirty years, the three hundred and fifty millions of people inhabiting China have been put in communication with us, and we are now witnessing what may be called the small beginnings of trade with the Chinese Empire. Australia, with its rapidly increasing European population, has risen, so to speak, under our very eyes. Japan has just been opened, but its exploration has not even commenced. In short, the whole of the Far East is, as it were, just opening to us. The idea has been abandoned that the Eastern trade must be limited to gold, ivory, spices, and dyeing stuffs, silk, tea, coffee, rice, and tobacco. Cotton is expected from India, and Australian wool has wrought the almost utter confusion of the sheep of Germany and Spain. Some time ago, Dr. Forbes Royle published a very valuable book on the fibrous plants of India. Indian railways have already commenced bringing many portions of the interior within the sphere of our commercial activity. Indian railways will no-doubt supply us with new sorts of produce for new kinds of manufactures, while the staple produce of our manufacturing districts will, from year to year, make its way further into the interior, and subject province after province to the beneficent taxation of Manchester and Leeds. It is true that in "cloudless climes and sunny skies" the mass of the people have few wants, and those easily satisfied. A thousand Indians or Cingalese are not likely to become purchasers to the same extent as an equal number of Europeans; but their chief strength is in numbers. A great commercial authority\* speculates on the by no means improbable case of the people of India and China—about five hundred millions—becoming purchasers of British manufacture, each man to the extent of one shilling per year; and he calculates that even this seemingly insignificant amount

\* Mr. Anderson, Chairman of the East India Company.

would produce an annual increase of twenty-five millions of pounds in our exports. This anticipation of the future of our Eastern trade is in daily progress towards realization: witness the steady increase of the tonnage of British shipping in the route to India and the Far East.

Most marvellous is this extension of our trade with the East if considered in conjunction with a fact too notorious to attract observation or invite comment. We allude to the enormous distance which separates this country from the nearest Indian ports; that is to say, the distance is between eleven and twelve thousand miles. Ships have to sail round the continent of Africa, on seas whose calms and storms imperatively demand the use of steam power. But steam, as is well known, is out of the question in a route in which the distances between the coaling stations are so enormous that a steamer, instead of carrying merchandize, cannot be expected to carry anything but its own coals. It is this peculiarity of the ship route to India which, more than any other cause, has contributed to limit the number of the steamers of our commercial navy. East Indiamen, once for all, are sailing-ships. It is true that within the last few years, the urgent commercial wants of Australia have led to the introduction, on the route round the Cape, of clipper-ships, fitted with an auxiliary screw; and it is not the less true that some of these ships have, under favorable circumstances, made very quick passages. But these are the exceptions. The rule is, that ships bound for the Far East carry sails only, and that their passages out and home are slow and very uncertain. But so overpowering is the vitality of our trade with the East, that, in spite of all these obstacles and disadvantages, that trade is steadily and rapidly progressing to stupendous dimensions, and that—we repeat it—its present increase is understated at one hundred thousand tons per year.

A trade so prosperous and promising makes of course corresponding demands upon our enterprise and ingenuity. The problem of steam communication with the East is at this present moment in the act of solution, since, as all the world knows, a gigantic steamer, fit to carry a sufficiency of coals and goods, is building in the Thames. But that steamer, and half-a-dozen similar or even larger ones, can only be so many exceptions to the general

rule of sailing ships demanded by the route round Africa. It is not difficult to calculate the comparatively small proportion of the carrying trade, which, owing to their necessarily limited numbers, they could undertake. Our imports and exports from the seas beyond the Cape, amounted in 1853 to 1,401,284 tons. At this moment they can be safely quoted at 1,700,000 tons. What per centage of this enormous tonnage are six steamers like the one now building at Millwall expected to carry? Insuring, as no doubt they will do, priority and certainty of arrival, they will have full cargoes at advanced rates of freight, and thus they will prove successful speculations. But from the capital required for their construction and management, they must always be exceptions to the rule which makes the passage round the Cape impracticable for steam navigation.

One advantage which these leviathan steamers might have conferred in our communications with the East is already forestalled. They will effect no acceleration in the conveyance of intelligence, of wealthy passengers, and high-priced merchandize, capable of bearing heavy freights. This part of our correspondence with the East is effectively carried out by the Overland Indian and Australian mail, and by the electric telegraph across Egypt to India.

That line of telegraphs, now in course of completion, promises to bring the East, in all that concerns the transmission of intelligence, to our very doors. The steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental, and those of the New Australian Company, plying between India, Australia, and Suez, and between Southampton and Alexandria, provide a quick voyage and safe arrival for the *élite* of passengers and merchandize, for the chosen few, and the rich and rare goods which can bear the charges of that route. But neither leviathan steamers ploughing the sea in the route round the Cape at the rate of twenty knots per hour, nor steamers embarking and disembarking their passengers and cargo at Alexandria and Suez, can make good what has become a pressing necessity, a want of the age—namely, a quicker and shorter communication for the generality of passengers, and the bulk of goods, than is at present obtainable by means of sailing ships making their uncertain way round the Cape.

Two modes of effecting this communication

have of late been urged upon the public notice. The one—the scheme of the Suez canal—is promoted by Mons. de Lesseps, a gentleman eminent in diplomacy, well acquainted and intimately connected with the East. Mons. de Lesseps, taking for his basis the overland route first opened by our countryman, Mr. Waghorn, proposes to effect a junction of the Red Sea with the Mediterranean by breaking through the Isthmus of Suez, so that ships sailing from the European and Eastern ports can pass from England to India, from India to England, without stoppage and without transshipment of their cargoes. He has in this undertaking the cordial co-operation of Mehemet Said, the new Viceroy of Egypt—a prince who, ever since his accession to power, has manifested a strong desire to open the country he governs to the civilizing influence of European commerce. The site of the proposed canal has been closely surveyed by the Viceroy's engineers, the correctness of whose observations has been confirmed by a commission of eminent engineers from all countries of Europe. This commission, in which England was represented by Mr. MacClean, has pronounced that the undertaking is easy of execution; and that its cost, including the construction of a harbor near Pelusium, and the improvement of the harbor of Suez, will not exceed £8,000,000. According to M. de Lesseps' programme, the toll on ships passing through this canal will not exceed ten francs per ton. The canal across the isthmus of Suez would be the shortest ship route to the Eastern seas; it would, for instance, reduce the distance between England and Bombay, as compared to the Cape route, by five thousand three hundred miles, and between England and Calcutta by five thousand miles. A corresponding shortening of distance would be effected between the Eastern seas, the Mediterranean, and the North American ports; while, according to the emphatic opinion of the most competent naval authorities, the navigation for sailing vessels in the Red Sea—the only difficult portion of the whole voyage—would not be more difficult than the navigation in many latitudes in the route round the Cape. The proposed route would, from the frequency of its coaling stations, favor the introduction of steam into the commercial navy engaged in the Eastern trade; and this circumstance alone would prove of the greatest importance

to us, because it would lead to a corresponding development of our coal-fields. Considering all the advantages offered by the proposed canal, M. de Lesseps is fully justified in his anticipations that at least 3,000,000 of tons from the total of tonnage employed in the Eastern trade, would make its way, *via* Egypt, instead of proceeding round the Cape; and this amount of tonnage, irrespective of the steady development of that trade, and the fresh impetus it would receive from the opening of a shorter and safer route, would, at the rate of ten francs per ton, represent a very fair per centage on the capital of £8,000,000. Considered solely from a commercial point of view, the undertaking is sound and promising, full of present advantages, and justifying a hope of still greater advantages in the future.

We hesitate the less in giving utterance to this conviction, as our opinion has the support of the greatest commercial authorities of England and the Continent. The East India Company and the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, have made emphatic declarations in favor of M. de Lesseps' project; the Chambers of Commerce of Marseilles, Genoa, Trieste, and Venice, have been unanimous in their approbation, and active in their support of the scheme. The government of Holland, which country is represented in the eastern trade by a tonnage of 335,909 tons, has appointed a commission to consider the means of promoting Dutch commerce by the proposed canal; and our own dependencies of Malta and Mauritius have recorded the most enthusiastic wishes in favor of a project by which they anticipate a great addition to their prosperity and importance. Nor are these vain demonstrations and *pia vota*. M. de Lesseps affirms that by far the greater part of the £8,000,000 required for the execution of his project has been subscribed by the merchants of various countries; and we know from the official correspondence published in the Austrian newspapers that the Chambers of Commerce of Trieste and Venice have become shareholders to the amount of £1,000,000 in M. de Lesseps' "Universal Company;" while the Viceroy of Egypt, besides the important privileges granted to the company, has become a shareholder to the amount of £1,200,000. We therefore believe that the list of subscriptions, when published, will fully

bear out M. de Lesseps' statement concerning the readiness with which the great capitalists of Europe have appreciated the commercial features of his grand undertaking.

The political and social advantages of the scheme are, as it were, foreshadowed by the extension of our influence and the confirmation of our power in the East, since the opening of the present overland route. The conversion of that overland route into a ship route to India and the Far East, would still further extend that influence and confirm that power. It would shorten the time and lessen the expense of the transport of troops to and from our Eastern possessions; it would facilitate emigration and the communication between this country and Australia; it would add to the number and population of our commercial settlements in the outskirts of China.

The other project for the improvement of our communications with the East, is the construction of a railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. The scheme is known as that of the "Euphrates Valley Railway." It is proposed to carry this railway from Seleucia to Bassorah; but as the surveys of the ground are not yet completed, it is possible that the line will start from Alexandretta instead of from Seleucia. Its length will be about eight hundred miles. No accurate estimate has as yet been made of the cost; but, in a rough computation, the capital required cannot be less than twelve, and may be sixteen, million pounds.

For conveyance on this route a cargo of goods would be conveyed by ship to Seleucia, where the ship would unload, and the goods would have to be transported to the railway, which, in due time, would carry them to Bassorah, where they would again have to be put on shipboard for conveyance to their Indian, Australian, or Chinese port of destination. These transshipments would, of course, form serious items in the transport charges. Supposing that a company of railway carriers, exercising their trade in the heart of Asiatic Turkey, could afford to transport goods at the same rate of charges as are made by the majority of the Continental railway companies—that is to say, at the rate of ten centimes per ton and per kilometer—the charge for the transport of a ton of goods from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf would amount to £4 15s. So

that there would be freight from England to Seleucia or Alexandretta, railway charges from Seleucia to Bassorah, and freight again from Bassorah to the Eastern port to which the goods are consigned; and over and above all this the charges for transshipment, agencies, and storage. Considering that the cost of railway transport would, in itself, be equal to the amount of freight paid for goods carried in the route round the Cape, it is difficult to understand from what quarter the promoters of the Euphrates Valley Railway expect to obtain the amount of traffic necessary to insure the success of their speculation as a commercial undertaking. The Euphrates Railway will be shorter, but not cheaper; and, indeed, it will be much dearer than the ship route round the Cape. But as there is already a quick and expensive route to the East—the overland route—and as the necessities of the time demand a route which shall combine the advantages of a lesser distance and lower freights, it is difficult to understand what advantages, political or commercial, can be expected from making, at an enormous sacrifice of capital, a new road to India and the East, when a route nearly as short, and certainly not more expensive, already exists through Egypt.

The strong point in favor of the Suez Canal is not the absolute shortening of the distance which separates us from the East. That shortening is already effected by the overland route, and unless we mistake not it will be still more effectually accomplished on the Euphrates Valley Railway, which when completed will form the shortest, and, we should say, the easiest, but at the same time the most expensive, route to the East. The transshipments and the length of the land transport must always operate as a check upon an extension of our Eastern trade by that route, which, while it enters into competition with the present route through Egypt and the railway from Alexandria to Suez, cannot be expected to direct into its channel a single ton of the goods which at present take their way round the Cape, because they cannot bear the expenses of the overland route. The Suez Canal shortens the voyage to the East by five thousand miles; the Euphrates Railway may possibly shorten it by five thousand five hundred or even six thousand miles. But the strong point for the Suez Canal is, that the route opened by it is

a ship route from beginning to end; that it dispenses with the necessity of transshipments; that a cargo taken at London may proceed without stoppage, and may be discharged at Calcutta or Bombay from the hold into which it was lowered in the Thames; that from the frequency of coaling stations, even small steamers may be profitably employed in the Indian trade, and that therefore the route through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea fulfils all the conditions of a quick, cheap, and certain passage to India, which is acknowledged to be one of the wants of the age; while the railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf improves at best upon the conveyance of dispatches, of the *élite* of travellers, and of goods small in bulk and of great value.

It is therefore a subject of sincere regret to us, that without examining the strong *prima facie* case made out by the promoters of the Suez Canal, the Government have, by acts of which we hope that they are as capable of explanation as the acts themselves are incapable of recalculation, committed themselves to the scheme of the Euphrates Valley Railway. Of all men, the promoters of this railway are in a condition to refute Mr. Dickens' sneers at official circumlocution. It was not necessary to press this project upon the attention of Government; Government, informed of its existence, applied to its promoters for information.\* This information given, it was communicated by Government to the Directors of the East India Company, and to the Board of Control, with a "recommendation" in lieu of a command, to encourage, and if possible to assist in, the execution of the enterprise. At the same time Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who had already expressed his sympathy with the scheme, was instructed to give it the benefit of all the influence he could exert at Constantinople, as representative of a protecting power. The concession and guarantee for the Euphrates Railway was, in fact, to be considered as an instalment of the heavy debt of gratitude accumulated during the late war. The demand made by the Euphrates Railway Company, indorsed by Lord Clarendon, and committed to the hands of Lord de Redcliffe, was for a free grant of all the lands requisite for

the construction of a railway from Seleucia to Bassorah, or between any other two points on the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, and for the guarantee of an annual payment of six per cent for ninety-nine years on the capital which may be required for the undertaking. The Turkish Government is required to pay this per-centage if, and so long as, the profits to be derived from the traffic on the railway are under six per cent; but beyond the repayment of the sums thus advanced, it shall have no claim to any share in case at some future period the annual profits should exceed the guaranteed per-centage. In other words, if we understand the arrangement correctly, the Turkish Government, taking upon itself all the certain risk, and renouncing all claim to any share in the success of the scheme, is to pay, if necessary, for a period of ninety-nine years, a sum of at least £360,000 to the Euphrates Railway Company. What the Sultan and his minister have said to this proposal, who can tell? What they have done is better known. They have—joyfully perhaps, perhaps reluctantly—made the grant and given the guarantee demanded, and though arrears may possibly be allowed to accumulate, still the payment of six per cent interest on the capital wanted for the construction of the Euphrates Railway, is a matter stipulated and agreed upon between her Majesty's Government and that of the Sultan. So long as a piastre remains in the Padishah's coffers; so long as a loan can be raised at ten and even twenty per cent, so long as the imperial revenue for years to come can be sold for hard cash to Jews and Armenians, so long will the power which obtained the guarantee enforce its execution.

When the overwhelming influence of a great country is thus brought to bear upon a timid and grateful ally; when a high guarantee for an enormous sum, and for an unusual number of years, is exacted from a sovereign whose financial difficulties are such that he is compelled to contract loan after loan at a ruinous rate of interest; when the Government of this country proffers its services to, and places all its powers at, the disposal of private speculation, the least which can be expected is that the scheme thus made irresistible by national support should confer great and indisputable advantages upon the nation, that it should be the

\* Correspondence between the Directors of the Euphrates Railway Company and the Foreign Office. *The Times*, Sept. 9th.

solution of a great problem, supply a national want, and that its adoption by the Government should be in obedience to a strongly expressed national desire. Such was the scheme of the present overland mail, which had to make its way step by step, and struggle from year to year against official incredulity and indifference. Such, in a lesser degree and at a later period, was the railway through Egypt. But we are at a loss to understand what advantages, commercial or political, can be expected from a railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, to justify so zealous, so unprecedented, and so extensive a support of the scheme on the part of a Government which, up to the present time, has obstinately refused to entertain the notion of the canalization of the Isthmus of Suez. The only advantage which we can see is the acceleration of the journey overland by two or three days as compared with the time required in the present overland route from England to India.

No doubt, in our communications with India, a saving of two or three days is important. But is it, with the electric telegraph through Egypt, of sufficient importance to explain and justify this unprecedented zeal—this propaganda in favor of the scheme—this extortion of an annual contribution of £360,000 from a helpless and embarrassed ally?

We should be sorry if these remarks were construed as implying anything like a feeling of hostility to the scheme of the Euphrates Valley Railway. We do not believe that, with a charge of from £4 to £5 per ton for the land transport of goods from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, this railway will lower the freights and add to the commerce between England and the Far East. We do not believe that it will do away with the necessity of the passage round the Cape; but we can understand that the railway carried through the heart of Asiatic Turkey, and touching close upon the confines of Persia, may at some future period exert a vast influence on the civilization of the Near East, and that it will re-create and become the channel of a commerce renowned in antiquity, but of which at this day faint traces only remain. But in our comparison of the two schemes proposed for the purpose, not only of shortening, but of generalizing our communications and trade with the East, we have wished to

make it clearly understood that the scheme supported by Government, whatever its other advantages may be, falls short of those of a direct ship communication with the East held out by the promoters of the Isthmus of Suez Canal. And we cannot repress our astonishment at the fact, that while the most onerous, but no doubt necessary, concessions on behalf of the Euphrates Valley Railway were extorted by direct diplomatic action from the Sultan's Government, the promoters of the Suez Canal have in England had to encounter the contemptuous silence and the sneering incredulity of the Government, while at Constantinople they were met by the formidable antagonism of Lord de Redcliffe.

This is the more extraordinary and inexplicable, as M. de Lesseps does not, it appears, ask for any undue amount of protection, nor solicit extraordinary favors. He makes no demand for the extortion of a guarantee from the Turkish Government. All he asks is the suspension of Lord de Redcliffe's hostility to a scheme in favor of which the Sultan's sympathies are strongly enlisted. Since it is desirable that the Sultan, as *Suzerain* of Egypt, should ratify the charter granted to the Suez Canal Company by the Viceroy, all that M. de Lesseps asks is, that the influence of this country should not be exerted against our own interests, and against the interests of Turkey and of Egypt. Again, for the protection of the Company and the success of the undertaking, it is necessary that the canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea should be guaranteed "as a neutral passage" by a declaration to that effect from the great naval powers. At the late Conferences in Paris, the subject of this declaration was mentioned by M. de Morny, but it was dropped out of deference to Lord Clarendon, who declined discussing the point. In fine, in this important question of a short ship route to the East, England stops the way. The undertaking, which is neither more nor less than the completion of Lieutenant Waghorn's plan, has the good will of France, the support of Austria, Sardinia, and Holland. It requires no guarantees, and it makes no demands for the pecuniary support of this country. But its execution has hitherto been delayed by the hostility of Lord de Redcliffe, and the refusal of Lord Clarendon to be a party to those international arrangements which are indispensable to its safety and success. This

hostility is the more formidable from its being most guarded in its manifestations. It disclaims all political motives, and confines itself to expressing doubts of the possibility of a scheme which has for its supporters the ablest engineers of Europe; and of the commercial success of a speculation whose soundness has been declared by the active co-operation of the great capitalists and the commercial corporations of all countries of Europe. Doubts, founded upon a passage in St. Jerome, have been expressed of the possibility of navigation in the Red Sea, which, according to the unanimous testimony of all naval men who surveyed it, is less dangerous and more practicable, less visited with violent gales, and better provided with natural harbors of refuge, than the British Channel. It has been said that a quick communication being established by means of the overland mail for advices and samples, the delay of vessels proceeding round the Cape is good for commerce and agreeable to merchants. In short, so many untenable and ridiculous arguments have been scraped out of holes and corners, and arrayed against this scheme by the few who have dared to enter into open opposition to it, that it is not unreasonable to suspect the existence of stronger motives for hostility, even less producible than the flimsy arguments we have quoted.

It has been said—not indeed by the organs and partisans of the Government, but by well meaning persons in a private station, with easy access to the writings of obsolete political economists—that the execution of the Suez canal would be a means of destroying the commercial preponderance of this country; that Venice and Genoa long flourished as the road to the East lay across Egypt; that the discovery of the sea route to India ruined the naval states of the Mediterranean, while it laid the foundation of British greatness; and more to the same effect. We need not enter into an historical discussion on this point, nor weary our readers with an essay on the rise and fall of the naval states of the Mediterranean. It is enough for our purpose to look at results. Portugal and Spain, the first discoverers and navigators on the route round the Cape, are far ahead of us on that route, and yet their share in the

Eastern trade is merely nominal. If the return of commerce into its old route to the East were disadvantageous to this country, and to the advantage of the towns in the Mediterranean, then our commerce ought to have suffered by the opening of the overland route, and our loss would have been the gain of Marseilles and Genoa, Trieste and Venice. Nothing of the kind has taken place. Such fears do not disturb the equanimity of the Dutch, who are much in the same position with ourselves with respect to the Mediterranean towns and the proposed canal; and yet, if the Dutch have any fault as a commercial nation, it is an excess of caution. Such fears, at all events, cannot be the motive of the hostility shown by the Government to the scheme of the Suez Canal,—because the Euphrates Valley Railway, with its Mediterranean port of Seleucia, falls fully as much within the scope of this apprehension as the Suez Canal, with its Mediterranean port of Pelusium or Tineh. No doubt, in common with Holland and the German ports in the Baltic and North Sea, the towns in the Mediterranean and Adriatic expect to profit from the opening of a short ship route to the East. But even the most sanguine do not for one moment indulge in any delusions as to the portion of the Eastern trade which must fall to the share of this country, whose Eastern possessions—whose factories and stations throughout those waters—assure it the lion's share in whatever extension increased facilities for traffic may give to the trade with the East. And, if we seem to forget it, it is remembered on the Continent that a canal through the Isthmus of Suez must always be under the control of the power which commands its inlet and outlet by means of Malta and Aden. For that very reason the consent of England to canalization of the Isthmus of Suez is absolutely necessary; and not less necessary is it for this country to come to a clear understanding of the commercial and political questions involved in the undertaking. The junction of the two seas has been proposed, and one-half the newspapers of the kingdom have published the banns. "If any one knows of any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined, let him speak now or be silent ever after."

## THE PEOPLES' HOLY ALLIANCE.

I SAW fair Peace descending from on high,  
 Strewing the earth with gold, and corn and  
 flowers;  
 The air was calm, and hush'd all soothingly  
 The last faint thunder of the War-god's  
 powers.  
 Then goddess spoke: "Equal in worth and  
 might,  
 Sons of French, German, Russ, or British  
 lands,  
 Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite,  
 In friendship firm, your hands.

"Poor mortals! wearied out with strife and toil,  
 But vex'd and broken slumbers are your  
 doom;  
 More wisely share your crowded planet's soil,  
 And 'neath the sun, for all there would be  
 room.  
 You quit the paths of happiness and light,  
 Lash'd to the car of Power with galling bands;  
 Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite,  
 In friendship firm, your hands.

"You light the torch to burn your neighbor's  
 field;  
 A gust of wind—and lo! your own crops  
 blaze.  
 And, when the earth grows cold, a spade to  
 wield  
 Where is the hand uncrippled by the frays?  
 Of ev'ry nation's boundaries in sight,  
 No ear of corn by blood unsullied stands.  
 Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite,  
 In friendship firm, your hands.

"Kings, seated on your smould'ring city-walls,  
 Dare with insulting sceptre's point to tell,  
 Count and recount (with calmness that appals)  
 The human souls whose lists their triumphs  
 swell.  
 Poor helpless lambs! of all your tears in spite,  
 You quit your pens but for the shamble-  
 stands.  
 Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite,  
 In friendship firm, your hands.

"Let not Mars vainly stay his murd'rous  
 course;  
 Found binding laws that tyrants may not  
 burst;  
 Of your heart's blood no longer yield the source  
 To ingrate kings and conquerors still athirst.  
 Fear no false stars! The terrors of a night,  
 The morning sees them pale, like flick'ring  
 brands.  
 Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite,  
 In friendship firm, your hands.

"Yes, free, at length, the world may breathe  
 and rest!  
 Throw o'er the past a veil that none may turn.  
 Till the glad plain to dance and song and jest:  
 On Peace's altars let Art's incense burn.  
 Hope, smiling on the breast of Plenty bright,  
 Awaits the fruit of such a union's bands.  
 Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite,  
 In friendship firm, your hands."

Thus spoke the sainted nymph; and many  
 aching.

Taught by the past, took up the cheering tale.  
 The earth was deck'd as in the early spring;  
 Old autumn flower'd, the advent blest to hail.  
 Vineyards of France, pour out your treasures  
 bright,  
 To cheer the strangers towards their mother-  
 lands.

Form an alliance, Peoples, and unite,  
 In friendship firm, your hands.

BERANGER.

## LITTLE WILLIE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Poor little Willie,  
 With his many pretty wiles,  
 Worlds of wisdom in his looks,  
 And quaint, quiet smiles;  
 Hair of amber, toucht with  
 Gold of heaven so brave,  
 All lying darkly hid  
 In a Workhouse Grave.

You remember little Willie;  
 Fair and funny fellow! he  
 Sprang like a lily  
 From the dirt of poverty.  
 Poor little Willie!  
 Not a friend was nigh,  
 When, from the cold world,  
 He croucht down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless,  
 Little Willie cried for bread;  
 In the night we wandered homeless,  
 Little Willie cried for bed.  
 Parted at the workhouse door,  
 Not a word we said:  
 Ah, so tired was poor Willie,  
 And so sweetly sleep the dead.

'Twas in the dead of winter  
 We laid him in the earth;  
 The world brought in the New Year  
 On a tide of mirth.  
 But for lost little Willie,  
 Not a tear we crave;  
 Cold and Hunger cannot wake him,  
 In his Workhouse Grave.

We thought him beautiful,  
 Felt it hard to part;  
 We loved him dutiful;  
 Down, down, poor heart!  
 The storms they may beat;  
 The winter winds may rave;  
 Little Willie feels not,  
 In his Workhouse Grave.

No room for little Willie;  
 In the world he had no part;  
 On him stared the Gorgon-eye,  
 Through which looks no heart  
 Come to me, said Heaven;  
 And, if Heaven will save,  
 Little matters though the door  
 Be a Workhouse Grave.

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE MONTH:

## SCIENCE AND ARTS FOR NOVEMBER.

As usual, science, literature, and law have resumed their periodical activity with the arrival of November. Our learned societies have commenced their sessions, and show by their earliest meetings, that astronomy, chemistry, mathematics, palæontology, and the like, are cherished and cultivated as much as ever. The return of Professor Piazzi Smyth, astronomer-royal for Scotland, from Tenerife, whither he betook himself with instruments and apparatus last June, strengthens the conviction of astronomers that a well-conducted series of observations on the heavens in a southern climate would prove of essential importance, not only to their own particular science, but to physical science generally. The professor mounted his telescope high up on the peak above the clouds, and though dislodged too soon by unfavorable weather, had reason to be well satisfied with his results. These include observations on temperature, in hygrometry, radiation; and he finds that the moon does actually radiate heat, though very small in amount. As regards stars, he observed some which, though when seen at hand they appear but as one, resolve themselves into two distinct disks in the crisp, clear atmosphere of a tropical mountain. To those who know anything of astronomy, this test will be a sufficient evidence of what may be accomplished, and we think that but one opinion will now prevail as to the project for establishing a reflecting telescope on the scale of Lord Rosse's in some lofty region of the tropics, as recommended to government by the Royal Society and the British Association. Mr. Robert Stephenson very handsomely lent his yacht, *Titania*, for the expedition, and Professor Smyth mentions that much of his success is due to his having had so efficient a vessel at his disposal for nearly four months.

The eclipse of the moon on the 13th of October gave occasion for further experiments in photography. M. Porro, a savant of Paris, took a complete series of images of the moon, astronomical and physical, during the passage of the shadow: some were taken in the short space of twenty seconds. The Royal Society have purchased forty impressions of Father Secchi's beautiful photograph of the lunar mountain *Copernicus*, which we men-

tioned last spring, and intend to distribute them among astronomers and physicists, in furtherance of the endeavors for helping us to a knowledge of the physical constitution of our satellite. Father Secchi, favored by the atmosphere of Rome, thinks he may pronounce the nature of such lunar regions as he has explored (at a distance), to be similar to that of volcanic regions on the earth. Imperfect as these first attempts necessarily are, there is in them material for advancing science. Photometry has taught us that the sun is hottest and brightest in the centre, and will teach us whether it is the same with respect to the moon. One half of the question is already answered by Professor Smyth. The thermomultiplier will tell the tale. By measuring the light of each phase, and employing photography, data will be obtained for comparison with other planets, and for the detection of a lunar atmosphere, should there be one. To some readers, these may seem insignificant details; but when we remember the inestimable advantages conferred on astronomical science by electro-telegraphy, we need not apologize for noticing the service likely to be rendered by photography.

Yet a few brief particulars from the learned father remain to be mentioned: he is continuing his researches to determine the rotation of the third satellite of Jupiter; the spots upon it are very visible, but it is not easy to get two observations by which to ascertain the rate of motion in any one evening. He reports a difference in the features of Jupiter from last year. The lowest apparent inferior belt "is a perfect assemblage of clouds, and below this is a very fine line of a yellow color, which appears like a microscopic thread stretched across the planet."

From the Mediterranean we hear of another earthquake which took place on the 12th October. It was felt all along the southern coast, in Palestine, in Malta, and the Ionian Islands, and did much damage. On board ships at sea, the concussion was so strong as to be compared to striking a rock. M. Piobert, in a communication to the Académie, attributes earthquakes not to internal force, or expansion or contraction of the earth's crust, but to the external action of other planets.—News from India tell that Colonel Waugh, surveyor-general, has discovered that Kanchinjunga is not the highest of the Hima-

layas, but that the supremacy belongs to a peak a hundred miles distant between it and Katmandu, the height being not less than 29,002 feet above the sea. He names it Mount Everest, in honor of the colonel his predecessor in the great work of triangulation. Tremendous floods have occurred along the valleys of the Indus and Ganges; fears were entertained lest Calcutta should be inundated. It remains to be seen whether these disasters are in any way connected with the destruction of forests. Proofs in the affirmative are said to be forthcoming from places in Bengal and Scinde, and from Ceylon. One consequence will be a serious diminution of the rice-crop, and that this is no unimportant matter may be inferred from the almost incredible increase in the demand for rice. The export from India of this commodity in the twelve months 1853-4, was 162,255 tons; in 1854-5, 195,298 tons; and in 1855-6, 340,232 tons: the demand being chiefly for the continent.

Under these circumstances, we read with the more interest the following communication from the *Times'* correspondent at Alexandria. "There is," he says, "an interesting experiment at present under trial in the cultivation of rice. M. Lattis, a Venetian, has undertaken to produce two crops of rice in the year instead of one. The viceroy has placed a certain quantity of land and a sufficient number of laborers at his command. Lord Canning, having heard of the experiment on his passage through Egypt to India, and perceiving the enormous advantages that might be derived from it in our Indian possessions, if successful, requested our consul here to watch the result. M. Lattis brought his first crop to maturity in July last, and I understand he has been equally successful with his second." The British consul at Alexandria is to send a report of the experiment to our colonial minister. We may add here that there is a remarkable increase in the demand for silk from China. At the last accounts, 38,000 bales had been shipped, when in the former year the number was but 12,000; and we hear that there is no limit to the quantity which can be had.

The 4000 miles of telegraph in India are to be extended to 7000; and who knows whether we shall not, ere long, be flashing messages to our resident at Herat?—M. Pétrina has been making a series of delicate

researches on the phenomena of two electric currents flashed simultaneously from opposite ends of the same wire; and he concludes that it is only the difference between the two that passes; for should they be precisely of the same strength, they neutralize each other, and disappear.—M. Dufour has shown, by experiment, to the Academy of Lausanne, that copper wires become brittle, and iron wires tough, by the passage of electric currents.—A new electric machine has been contrived, which may be used in an atmosphere unfavorable for glass. It consists of an endless band of paper, placed on two rollers covered with silk: rotated rapidly, the band gives off sparks, and will charge a jar.—The electric interrupter, which we mentioned as having been introduced on the railway between Paris and Versailles, is now in working condition; and it signals the passage of trains to both extremities of the line with the utmost regularity.—Two inventors of Lyons have so far improved the electric light as to make it burn with steady brilliance for twelve hours. They have an ingenious contrivance by which the charcoal points are made to remain always at the same distance apart.—An "Induction Coil Machine," the invention of Mr. Hearder of Plymouth, exhibited at the recent annual meeting of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, is much talked of and approved by electricians. It is more powerful than Ruhmkorff's, and with one-half less of wire.

We noticed, some time ago, the application of thermo-electric currents to dentistry: Mr. Middeldorp of Breslau now shows how they may be employed in surgery. With wires and blades of platina of various dimensions, brought to a white electric heat, he undertakes many operations commonly performed with cutting instruments. The heating agent is a Grove's battery; and, properly employed in an operation, there is no hemorrhage of the small vessels; the action is energetic and limited, can be sustained or cut off at pleasure, and applied through narrow passages, and to depths never attempted in ordinary cauterization. Mr. Middeldorp says: "This intelligent fire—let me be pardoned the expression—admits of cutting, splitting, of cutting away, of cauterization on a single point or in rays, or over large surfaces, of stopping hemorrhage, of provoking inflammation of certain tissues,

of coagulation of the blood, of suppuration, and the development of proper granulations. In short, being introduced cold, the galvanocaustic instruments inspire no fear in the patient, but once in place, a touch of the finger suffices to raise them to a glowing heat," and the wished-for effect is speedily produced. Of four hundred operations performed by Mr. Middeldorp with the "intelligent fire," not one has been followed by ill results.

Dr. Remak is effecting cures in the hospitals at Paris by continuous electric currents, which he prefers to currents of induction.—M. Collomb, a young physiologist, is using a new kind of stethoscope—dynamoscope, as he calls it, with which he hears and distinguishes the natural or healthy humming sound in the body apart from the sound produced by obstructions or other disturbing causes. He finds the "puerile hum" to be a very different thing from the "senile hum;" the "feminine hum" from the "masculine hum;" and so forth. And there is, as he thinks, a certain hum in the finger-ends, the cessation of which is an absolute sign of death—hence in doubtful cases the dynamoscope may be used to decide the question.—Claude Bernard, whose name must by this time be familiar to our readers, believes he has established the fact, that the blood is chilled and *not* warmed in its passage through the lungs.

The Society of Arts have published their list of subjects for prizes; and what a list it is—216 items! Among so many, we may well think that whatever of ingenuity is extant in the kingdom will have a fair chance of publicity and success. We can but glance at the numerous subjects in which specimens, improvements, new and more economical applications, &c., are desired. There are drainage and sewage, useful arts of all kinds, chemistry, vehicles, machinery, paper, paper-hangings, how to preserve fresh meats, and new esculents. And wood for engravers is asked for, of which the largest blocks shall consist but of one piece; new kinds of oils, paints, and varnishes are wanted, as also substitutes for that useful thistle, the teasel; and if any one has any real improvements to show in ship-building or navigation, now is the time.—That the Society are still attracting colonial societies into their "Union," is worth notice. Among

the last taken in, we observe the Royal Agricultural Society of British Guiana, the Sydney Mechanics' School of Arts, the Horticultural Improvement Society of New South Wales, and the Mechanics' Institute of Hobarton. To make real knowledge the subject of friendly intercommunication at home and abroad, is a right work. May we not hope that many an irresolute purpose, many a slumbering idea, many an aspiration for what is best, will thereby be roused and shaped to a practical end?

As regards articles of food, the Société d'Acclimation might put in a claim for a prize—that is, if prizes be the sort of reward they want. A new esculent has been recently reported to the Society by a French traveller in Guatemala. And on the subject of paper, it is shown that the great want is a cheap material for coarse and common papers—writing-paper is cheap enough. Many substitutes have been proposed within the past two years; but they are all too dear. The only one that holds its ground is straw, and we hear that from sixteen to twenty tons of straw-paper are made every week—a mere trifle with so vast a demand. The great cane-brakes in the southern states of America are said to offer an inexhaustible supply of the raw material of paper; and *jute*, an East Indian grass, the fibre of which is so fine, that in some places it is used to adulterate silk, will make capital paper, and is equally available. The chief use made of it at present is as "bagging" for cotton bales.—The Society for the Repeal of Taxes on Knowledge announce their intention to make another attempt for the abolition of the paper-duty: we wish them success, and would recommend them to keep the facts above mentioned in mind, and to remember also, that a petty tax on knowledge, producing no more than about £8000 a year, is levied on foreign books imported into England. It causes so many difficulties and vexations in the interchange of books as presents among men of science and learning, that, were there no other reason, it should be forthwith repealed.

Education classes connected with the Society of Arts are now opened at the Polytechnic Institution. Representations having been made to the Society that many candidates for examination cannot afford the expense of a journey to London, they

announce that, for the convenience of dwellers in the north, examinations for 1857 will be held at Huddersfield. The Society, moreover, have done something in behalf of art, by purchasing, under certain conditions, from M. Soulage of Toulouse, his collection of furniture and articles of *vertu*, 865 in number, all illustrative of domestic life and adornment in mediæval Italy. As the "Soulage Collection," it will by and by be open for public exhibition.—Art is making demonstrations in other ways. Architects of all nations are requested by advertisement to send in designs for a magnificent pile of government offices, to be erected in Downing Street and its exemplary neighborhood. St. Paul's is some day to show what we can do in the fashioning of a monument to the Great Duke's memory. Trafalgar Square will shortly bear on one of its pedestals a statue in honor of General Sir Charles Napier. Florence has set up a statue of Galileo, and Turin is nursing the idea of one to Lagrange; the mighty mathematician having been born in the Piedmontese capital in 1736.—And to notice art of a less soaring kind: in the late Economic Exhibition at Brussels, an important division comprised fittings, furniture, utensils, and sundry improvements for working-people's houses, most of them highly useful, and some singularly ingenious. A good deal of attention has been paid to these matters in Belgium, and our social reformers would do well to test their merits.—Something has been said about trees as a means of beautifying our metropolitan streets; and it is suggested that in such thoroughfares as the New Road, Blackfriars Road, Piccadilly, and the Squares, they might be planted with advantage along the edge of the footways. Any one who has visited Holland, or seen Broadway or Hudson Street in New York, knows how delightful is the effect of a row of trees on either side to the feelings as well as the eye: and "in the leafy month of June" to gaze down such a street—an endless avenue of richest foliage—calls forth eloquent admiration even from case-hardened citizens. But we apprehend that in London the objection would be that trees hide the light, and are "littery." Moreover, are we not afflicted by dendroclastics? There was once a row of trees in a street at Chelsea; and was not the author of *Sartor Resartus* regarded as an obstinate customer by his neighbors, for that, having a

lingering affection for the one that stood opposite his windows, he wouldn't fall in with "improvements," until it languished, as it seemed, from want of sympathy by standing alone? Suppose, as interest is felt in art at present, some one were to promote the *Art of being kind to trees in London*.

Emigrants and others whose affairs lead them across the sea, will hear with pleasure that the long-complained-of want of facilities for escaping in the boats in case of need, is at length satisfied. The *Oneida*, the first of the new line of mail-steamers to Australia, which sailed from Southampton on the 19th of October, having Sir H. Barkly, the new governor of Victoria, among her passengers, was "fitted with Clifford's newly patented apparatus for lowering and instantly disengaging ships' boats at sea even during the time the vessel is under-way." A trial was made as the *Oneida* was steaming forth. "At the word of command," says the report, "the boat laden with its entire crew, together with the necessary masts, spars, and gear, was instantly lowered and freed from the ship, at a time when she was at full speed, and with a fall of twenty-six feet from the davit-heads to the water." We hear, and glad we are to hear it, that the Emigration Commissioners make it compulsory on all vessels chartered by them to be fitted with Clifford's apparatus. We only hope they stipulate also for a sufficiency of boats.

Dr. Livingston, when last heard of, had left the east coast of Africa for Mauritius, intending a voyage to England.—Interest is revived in arctic matters by the publication of Maclure's discovery of the northwest passage, and of Dr. Kane's two handsomely illustrated volumes, with his deeply interesting narrative. The doctor is now in England in very ill health, accompanied by Morton, that one of his officers who saw the most northerly land in the world; but he will speedily have to depart to a tropical climate. After reading his narrative, and seeing what human perseverance can accomplish, the surprise that none of Sir John Franklin's party have escaped is the greater, and the mystery that conceals the fact the more terrible. Another expedition to explore the limited area in which it is now known the long-lost ships are frozen up will, it is believed, be sent out under efficient command next spring.

From The National Magazine.  
BIARRITZ.

SOME two or three hundred whitewashed houses,—houses which are offensively white, and whose arrogant affectation of cleanliness is almost felt as a personal affront,—with outer wooden shutters, painted green or yellow, standing irregularly on the cliffs and higher ground, and crowded together in a most disorderly manner in the low part of the town, so as to form one long irregular street; such is the seaside village of Biarritz, or, as it is called by its inhabitants, Biarrits, the favorite resort of Spanish grandees, and of the Empress Eugénie. Just now the little village teems with life; for the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Impérial are there. After them throngs half Paris; Spain, as we have said, is largely represented; and there are English, Russians, and Germans in such large numbers, that every possible accommodation Biarrits can offer seems insufficient even for them. Only walk from the "Place" down to the "Vieux Port," from thence up the cliff to the Atalaja, then down the cliff and along the sands to the "Château de l'Empereur," and you will no longer wonder to hear that fabulous sums are paid for a bed, even in a stable, and that food is at famine price. "Biarrits is full," "Biarrits is crowded," "Biarrits is overflowing," gives you no idea of the numbers it can in some mysterious manner be made to contain. Under ordinary circumstances it would be almost an explanation to say that sitting-rooms are unknown or unappreciated at Biarrits, that every room is a bedroom, and nearly every bedroom has two beds in it; but even that fact does not account for the numbers one sees now. Even supposing it possible to imagine all the humanity stowed safely away for the night, who shall say what becomes of the ladies' apparel? Where vanish those marvellous fabrics of whalebone, crinoline, silk, lace, gauze, muslin, and all the other mysteries of female dress which encircle and amplify some diminutive form? It is sheer nonsense to talk of folding and putting away. Why, the "blanchisseuse" cannot do that to the petticoats even! She ties them, two together, to the end of a long pole, and carries them through the streets like a banner; and they not only *will* but *must* "stand alone." One can fancy the

whole vast fabric, with the superincumbent lighter draperies, set up at night like a warrior's tent, under which the owner is stretched in graceful repose.

Indeed, from the middle of July to the end of September Biarrits is a mystery, a marvel—almost an impossibility. All the fashionable world of the courts of France and Spain crowded into small comfortless lodgings, and eaten up by fleas! some of the wealthiest people in Europe having their dinners sent in from a "restaurant" or "traiteur," and consuming it in their bedrooms, or having the use of a dining-room conjointly with eight or ten other families; the most lavish expenditure with the smallest possible return in any thing and every thing; such is the rule of existence during those two months.

Before or after them you must go, if you wish really to enjoy Biarrits, which has, indeed, a quite peculiar fascination; one that arises more from what it has not than from what it has. It has no trees, no shade, no hill and dale, no grassy slopes; there is one glare of sunshine on a sandy shore, and nothing more inland. But the one beauty, the one charm of Biarrits, is the sea, the vast expanse of the Bay of Biscay; a beauty to be felt and not described, and for the due appreciation of which the reader had better go and see it.

Closely connected with this is a pleasure of a more material nature, namely, the bathing. Come with me, dear reader, to the "Vieux Port," and we will see it. We follow the narrow irregular street, already spoken of, which leads down to the favorite bathing-place. A neck of land, a high cliff, stretches into the sea on each side of us, and between these two promontories is the "Vieux Port,"—the small bay whose water is nearly always smooth.

We pass the twenty cabins for bathers, which form a semicircle at the head of the bay, and take our seat on the white sands which lie between these cabins—"bar-aques," as they are called—and the sea. And now, I do assure you, that if all you know of sea-bathing is, that you have been rattled into a few feet of salt-water in some crazy old machine, and have there plunged solemnly into a dark hole, to be solaced during your stay by the affrighted screams of children, and the shrieks of women undergo-

ing the same dread ordeal, but with less fortitude and less forbearance than yourself,—if this is all you know, you will be astonished at the scene in the midst of which you find yourself. From one of the “barques” behind you comes a lady in what might have been the model Bloomer costume; long trowsers of black woollen serge and a frock of the same, full and short, reaching the knees, confined at the waist by a leathern girdle, and fitting close to the throat.

This is the costume “*de rigueur*,” without which no creature of woman-kind may go into the sea. Of course it is open to additions and improvements. Of the former class are list shoes, almost essential in walking over the sands to and from the “baraque” to the sea; and there is the little oilskin cap, trimmed with quillings of scarlet or blue worsted-braid, and of very bewitching effect; and the large oilskin cape, reaching to the knees, which is taken off at the water’s edge, and put on as soon as the bather leaves the sea.

Among the improvements we may class the trimming of dress, &c., with some bright-colored worsted-braid. But what excuse can be offered for the adoption of lace sleeves and collars and coral bracelets in the sea, and the like pretty imbecilities?

Let fathers, brothers, and husbands should here unduly exult, let me give notice that the man’s costume is more susceptible of ornament than that of the woman; a fact which has not been lost sight of by the “lords of the creation,” as we shall see. At present we will accompany our young lady to the bath. As soon as she leaves the “baraque,” she is joined by a “*baigneur*” or “*baigneuse*,” holding in his or her hand a pair of gourds; they walk over the sands together, and if she does not know how to swim, the gourds are tied round her waist before she steps into the sea. Be sure, that if she dips her head or takes three or four plunges, she is an English woman; the French do not think this at all essential; and a French woman walks into the water, lies down on her back, and floats out to the rope stretched across the mouth of the bay, or strikes out to swim, taking the greatest possible care to keep her head out of the water. The number of good swimmers—men, women, and children—whom you will see in one day will astonish you; and all

those who cannot swim and float are learning to do so: very easy with the help of gourds, and very pleasant in this deliciously warm water.

The costume for mankind—also “*de rigueur*”—is a pair of loose cotton or woollen trowsers and a tunic fastened round the waist by a band, and mostly with very short sleeves. But whereas the woman’s dress is invariably black, that of the man may be chosen of any color or shade of color. Light blue, pink, lilac, red, &c., are in great vogue, and being in cotton, are worn without ornament. But the “great swells” have costumes of dark woollen stuff, purple or crimson; and these are trimmed with large pearl buttons, each as big as a half-crown, placed in a row down the outside of the trowsers, and the tunic in a like manner elaborately ornamented. It is, however, less amusing to watch these people than to take your seat on the cliff or the sands some fine morning in June, and watch some of the Biarrots, as the inhabitants of Biarritz call themselves, take their first bath in the season. There are men and women bathing, quite a troop of them; each one stops at the water’s edge, wets his or her finger and makes the sign of the cross, and then splash, splash, splash—they are all in, diving, floating, swimming, moving with as much ease and freedom in the water as on land. Their first bath is always what they call a “*bain Anglais*,” or “*bain de santé*,” for the two are synonyms, and mean a good vigorous swim straight out and straight home again. Or go, if you will, to the beach, after the diligence from Bayonne has come in on a Sunday morning, and watch those nine or ten youths who raced together from the “bureau” to the “Vieux Port,” and who, after a few minutes in the “barques,” have reappeared in pink, sky-blue, and lilac. Ten chances to one they have a preliminary game at leap-frog on the hot sand; after which, shouting and laughing like so many schoolboys, they throw themselves into the water, and swim to that bit of rock that stands up alone in the bay, and is never quite covered at high water. They stand and sit there, a picturesque group, with their bright-colored dress and rapid vehement gesticulations. At a given signal they are all off; some, with outstretched arms and stiff body, have dropped

into the water like a stone—will dive and reappear at any distance where you least expect to see them; others have turned a summerset, sometimes two, in the air, disappear for an instant, and then rise with a spring, and throw another summerset; whilst the remainder, who have simply plunged in, swim one after another, and continue the game of leap-frog begun on the shore.

One thing worthy of note is, that they enjoy themselves and annoy no others. Girls, women, and children are bathing near them; but no one will have reason to resent any word or action of theirs.

Here come a husband and wife, also from Bayonne, which is only five or six miles distant. The Bayonnaises are famed for their beauty, and justly;—is she not pretty, with those brilliant black eyes, the clear brown skin, and folds of glossy hair? Husband and wife swim out together; then she returns, and a maid appears at the edge of the water with a small child wrapped in a shawl. They have two children, one about four, the other some two years old; and no one but papa must give them their first bath. We will watch the youngest, who springs into its father's wet arms, and, being in mortal dread of the water, seizes his black beard with both tiny hands, and presses its small soft face against that hairy shrine. And here I must say, that whatever opinion we may hold of the French as a nation or as individuals, there is no man or woman, more especially the latter, who can see a Frenchman and his child without admiration.

Our bearded friend, with many caresses, strokes the small arms, loosens their hold, and, considerably to his comfort, succeeds in placing one round his neck and holds the other. You can see, as he stands there, that he is pointing out those boys swimming so fearlessly, the men jumping from the rock, the ladies floating with their gourds. Then he calls one of the boys, who comes leaping towards him to make baby laugh,—for any French boy seems at any time ready to play with any baby; and soon we have baby stretching out its arms to the boy in the water. Meanwhile papa himself will wash the wee face, rub the little limbs as he walks slowly on: baby is soon in the water, and the first bath is taken in the most satisfac-

tory manner. This gentleman came with carriage and servants to give his children their first bath; but Jean Baptiste and Léontine—"baigneur" and "baigneuse"—are every whit as tender and as careful that their boy Arthur shall not contract any dread of the water, and that his first bath at three years old shall not frighten him. Ask them how it is that they can swim and float and dive and progress in that very extraordinary manner, coming towards you like the ghost in the *Corsican Brothers*,—treading the water I think they call it,—they will say that the key to the whole affair is, "ne pas avoir peur,"—have faith, and you are buoyant.

The children of the bathers have never known what it is to be afraid of the water, as you will agree when you see what must be called "a shoal" of them, from five to ten or twelve years old, disporting themselves. The younger ones have on small gourds: little tadpoles, how they get on! They have reached that boat anchored in the bay, and are crawling in and seated all round the edge of it. Soon they jump in again; and now they have passed the mouth of the bay, and are in the open sea; but the guard of the "Société de Sauvetage"—the Humane Society—stationed on the rock projecting into the sea, has seen them, and with an "Allons! allons! hu-up!" by way of warning, recalls them. They come back, and find sport in the bay; for there is an Englishman swimming out slowly and laboriously. Two or three of them are acquaintances of his; so they form themselves into a body-guard of the most tantalizing description, and swim against him, and before him, and round him, and dive under him; whilst he, progressing slowly and surely, looks about him with a broad good-natured smile.

How do we English figure in this strange scene? We are, as usual, distinct, and often peculiar; a certain directness of purpose distinguishes us anywhere and everywhere, in the water as on land. An Englishman intends to take a bath, and he takes it; swims a certain distance and returns, dresses himself, puts his hat firmly on his head, and retires, conscious of having done the business, and of course deriving a certain gratification from that fact. He takes a "bain Anglais," which, as every body

knows, is a bath for the sake of his health; he has some object in view, and cannot bathe three or four times a-day in an aimless, purposeless way as the French and Spaniards do, merely to enjoy themselves, luxuriate in the water, and pass away the time. Of course, wherever there are English people there are *queer* people,—people who consciously or unconsciously offer themselves as objects of ridicule to every one about them. See, here is a lady in bathing costume who has on a large straw hat. The hats are commonly worn in the morning and afternoon, when the sun is hot; but why has she a long white veil tied round it which reaches her waist? and why does she carry her dog with gourds round its neck, and keep the poor struggling animal in her arms while she floats about the bay? It is afternoon; there are many bathers, and numerous are the inquiries made about this lady in the white veil. The invariable answer is, "An Englishwoman, of course,"—"bien sûr elle est Anglaise." Indignant remonstrances on the part of some Englishmen, who will hear of no such libel on their countrywomen, produces in a doubtful and apologetic tone, "O!—then she must be a Pole." Be sure, too, that yon gentleman, who has walked down with a woman's waterproof cape over his shoulders, and, having ventured in almost knee-deep, sits wrapped in the cloak and waiting for a wave, is an Englishman. Here comes another in a scarlet cloak,—the cloaks seem to take their fancy,—gigantic in size when compared to these Spaniards and Frenchmen of the south. He is accompanied by the bather Million, who carries a small tub in his hand; and he sits down on the sands while Million fills the tub, and returning with it, pours a little salt-water over our friend's bald head, which he rubs vigorously; then a little more water, then another rub, and so on till the tub is empty; after which the gentleman walks deliberately into about three feet of water, where he remains and disports himself awkwardly. We must excuse him that rubbing of the bald head, though I fear it is useless; for at his age the hair will never grow again. But he is just married to a very young and very pretty Spanish girl, and will not neglect a last chance of making the difference in their ages less apparent.

And now we will leave the "Vieux Port,"

first telling the reader that it was the favorite bathing-place of the Empress when she used to be Mademoiselle Eugénie, and the best swimmer in Biarritz.

Ascending the cliff to the left of the "Vieux Port," we find four or five houses—favorite resort of the English—to whom, especially to residents or visitors of Pau, Biarritz has long been well known. Here you escape the noise and heat of the crowded little village, feel the pure breeze, and watch the sun sink down into the sea. On this cliff is a house with the ambitious name of California. It was built by a gentleman of Bayonne, who is reported not only to have found gold, but to have brought it away from the gold country. On his return he constructed this house on the model of those in California; but the Biarrots look at it with contempt: "Nothing but a ground-floor and attics," they say. On the other side of this cliff is the "Côte des Basques," with its bathing-cabins, supposed to be only used, as the houses of that quarter are only inhabited, by the "petit monde." Instead of the calm bay in which to float and swim without fear, you have here a long line of high cliff, a fine expanse of level yellow sands, exquisitely smooth and firm, and the waves breaking in long lines of foam. The bathers stand where their feet are only just covered with water, and wait for the great waves to wash over them, and none except strong swimmers venture out of their depth. The sands here are finer than at any part of Biarritz, and one might walk many miles along the coast were it not for the difficulty of getting down the cliff in the first place.

On this side, namely, south of Biarritz, lies Spain. We see the outline of the Pyrenees, and look towards the ground trodden by our armies under Wellington.

Once more we will return to the "Vieux Port," this time to ascend the cliff on the right of it. Here is the fashionable promenade—the Atalaja. This, they say, is a Moorish word, meaning a place of look-out. The Atalaja is a broad sandy walk, which might be made clean and agreeable to the walkers, but is in itself neither one nor the other. But then there is the wide expanse of water stretching out before you, changing its hues with every cloud that fleets over it; the fantastic forms of masses of rock,

which from time to time have been undermined by the waves, separated from the cliff, and left at some distance from the shore; high-arched bridges leading no whither; huge caverns and mimic towers, against which the waves thunder with a great hollow booming, and, there being broken, rise in fountains of white glittering spray.

From the Atalaja you descend to the "Roche Percée," a wall of rock in which there is a square aperture like a window; and this is a fine place from which to view the adjacent rocks when the sea is rough and the waves dash over them.

Beyond this is the "Côte du Moulin," to which you descend by a winding path on the face of the cliff. Then again we see the white sands and a long row of "barraques"—upwards of thirty. The waves break here as they do on the "Côte des Basques;" the only difference being that this side is used by the "grand monde," and the other, as we have said, by the "petit monde."

There is always a possibility of danger, as the sea here is somewhat treacherous in its advances; but it is very seldom that any accident occurs.

A little farther on, and so close to the sea that the wall of the garden is washed by the high tide, stands a square building of red brick,—the "Villa Eugénie," or "Château

de l'Empereur," as it is more commonly called. Neither shrubs nor trees will grow on the barren and sandy soil which surrounds it; not even the tamarisk, which almost flourishes in some parts of Biarritz. Nevertheless one part of the sands possesses the ambitious title of "Jardin de l'Impératrice;" and here some few inches of good soil had been spread over the surface, and a coarse reedy kind of grass and a few rushes did last year almost give promise of growing. But during the winter months the high tide and the rain washed all bare again.

And now, dear reader, we have seen all that is most worthy of note in Biarritz. Let us make our way, if possible, to the diligence. What a crowded street! what a confusion of tongues! what picturesque peasant costumes—Basque, Béarnais, and Spanish! Only look at those baskets of black grapes! what profusion, and what magnificent bunches! They are from Spain; and for a few sous you may have almost any quantity you please. These delicious green ones are Anglet grapes, and grow in the sandy soil of Anglet, near Bayonne. Better still are the Malaga, each grape as large as a plum. Those birds are turtle-doves? Yes, they will be eaten, roasted in vine-leaves, and are very good.

**PAINTERS' SCAFFOLDING.**—In Paris, where all unnecessary risks of life are guarded against, where the houses are generally over forty feet front, and six stories high, a wooden platform is seldom or never used in painting the fronts. A strong rope,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 inches in diameter, is firmly attached to the chimney or other elevated position. This rope is knotted, the knots being about ten inches apart; a board, such as is usually attached to a swing, forms the seat, and is provided at each end with two cords, which, being attached at the corners, unite at a few inches from the board, and are made to terminate in strong iron hooks. The size of these hooks is such, that while they slip readily over the main rope, they are caught by the knots. The length of the rope is so proportioned that when one hook rests on a knot, and the other on the knot next above, the board is suspended horizontally. When the painter is seated in place, the rope passes between his knees, and his paint pot is attached by a cord and hook of smaller dimensions. Things being thus arranged, if he wishes

to raise his seat, he lifts himself with his left hand, with the right raises the right hook to the knot above, does the same with the left, and is then seated ten inches higher than before. In descending, the operation is reversed.

**STONE, IN PAPER-MAKING.**—The Glasgow (Scotland) journals state that a patent has just been granted for a remarkable discovery, whereby stone, after undergoing a certain process, may be converted into paper, that will be not only superior in quality and texture to that now in use, but be afforded a much lower rate. This is a little the *hardest* story yet gotten up, in connection with modern improvements in paper manufacture.

**IRON RAIL-CARS AND STEAMBOATS.**—Some newspapers are arguing in favor of making rail-cars wholly of iron, and steamboats of the same material, so far as is practicable, to avoid disasters and conflagration. It is deemed of special importance that the parts contiguous to the boilers should be made of iron.

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE LATEST PROMISE OF THE IRON AGE.

It would require some little measure of consideration to determine what characteristic would best express the spirit of the present age. When the attention is fixed upon the doings in Australia and California, *golden* seems to be not altogether an inappropriate epithet. A few days since, we chanced to be present in a large meeting, in which a *ci-devant* lecturer, who assumed the *nom de guerre* of Parallax—*Paradox*, no doubt, he meant—challenged the collective forces of science to a tourney, undertaking to prove against them all, that our good old jolly round world is *flat*: whereupon, for a little time, we were constrained to feel that the age was a very *brazen* one. Glancing from the brazen oracle to its hearers, the suspicion presently arose, that *wooden* might prove more apt than either brazen or golden. On the *fast* banks of the Cam, again, the idea always presents itself that *mercurial* is the proper designation. But then, in moments of quiet reflection, that huge tubular bridge, which carries railway-trains from Caernarvon to Anglesey, across an intervening arm of the sea, comes back to the mind; and that mighty leviathan, too, which is building at Millwall, and which promises, after a short interval of preparation, to rush round the world every three months, with a burden of 25,000 tons in its ferruginous shell. Yes, there is in the composition of this wondrous age an ingredient of higher importance than either wood or mercury, gold or brass, and which does very much more to confer upon it a predominant feature. The age is really an *iron* one. Iron, in the hands of science, is doing more for the benefit of humanity and for the advance of civilization than any other material agent that has been engaged in beneficent service since the civilized history of mankind began.

The peculiarity which is chiefly operative in rendering iron of high value in the constructive arts, is the extraordinary tenacity with which the little molecules of the metal hold together. They grasp each other so tightly, that it requires a very powerful wrench to tear them asunder. An iron bar, of the same size as an oak beam, that would be crushed by a weight of 400 pounds, will bear 2000 pounds, and come out of the trial

unscathed. A square piece of sound wrought iron, one inch thick and one inch long, is capable of sustaining a weight of eleven tons concentrated upon its middle.

But there are other properties accompanying this fivefold oak-power of iron, which are of scarcely inferior importance in a practical point of view. By the instrumentality of the steam-roller and steam-hammer, and by the power of heat, the metal can be fashioned into any shape that is required; and by the processes of welding and riveting, masses can be provided of any size. It seems literally that art is now able to oppose to the rude forces of nature iron structures capable of resisting any amount of destructive violence they can bring into play. The hollow beam which lies across the Menai Strait allows railway-trains, laden with hundreds of tons, to be shot through it almost without causing it to bend from the straight line. The *Great Britain* steamship remained stranded for months on the rocky coast of Ireland, amidst the fury of the Atlantic breakers, almost without a strain. The *Great Eastern* steamship, when completed, if taken up by its extreme ends, an eighth of a mile asunder, with 25,000 tons hanging from its middle, would sustain the weight as if it were no more than twenty-five ounces. The utmost violence of winds and waves will no doubt be trifles when compared with its powers of endurance. Even the hurricane, bursting broadside upon the marine giant, will scarcely disturb its equanimity as it floats upon the ocean. Such are the strength and the adaptability of iron!

Then, too, iron is dug from the ground. It lies ready for use upon the earth in inexhaustible masses, which require only to be taken from their natural repositories, and to be prepared for the uses to which mechanics desire to apply them. There, however, is the rub: they must be *prepared* before they can be used. The strength and malleability of the metal are entirely dependent upon its purity; and the native ore contains various earthy minerals besides the metallic iron. It is composed of flint, clay, carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus, besides that subtle corrosive agent which holds its court unseen in the transparent atmosphere, and which chemists call oxygen—that oxygen which is the lurking principle of rust. All these things are

mingled together, in what seems to be inextricable confusion, in iron ore. The workers of the metal, however, know the confusion must not be inextricable, and accordingly, by the persevering effort of ingenuity and skill, they have devised a way to extricate the giant from its entanglement. First, they *roast* the ore; that is, they expose it to considerable heat, by making heaps of mixed coal and ore, and setting fire to the mass. The roasted ore gets to be deprived of several impurities which cannot endure heat, and becomes somewhat light and spongy. Then it is placed in alternate layers, with coke or charcoal, and lime, and the whole is subjected to the refining fire of a blast furnace. The corrosive oxygen of the ore, under this treatment, capriciously finds that it has a much stronger affection for one of the new-comers, the charcoal, than for its old associate, the sturdy metal; and so takes up with its fresh companion, and flies away with it in the state of vapor, vanishing through the air. The flint and clay, in the same way, make the discovery that they are near relatives of the lime, and forthwith strike up a sort of family union, forming among them an earthy scum or slag. The iron, fairly put upon its *mettle* by this base desertion, waxes furiously hot, and melts into a liquid. The superintendents of the process, catching it at this advantage, snatch away the earthy scum from an upper opening in the furnace, and draw off the molten mass through a lower one, into channels and moulds prepared for its reception. When it runs into these moulds, it has lost the principal part of the impurities with which it was combined; it still, however, retains enough to interfere with its constructional integrity. It has still mingled with its mass five per cent of carbon, and smaller quantities of sulphur, phosphorus, and other similar ingredients, which have the effect of rendering its grain coarse, and its consistence brittle. When it has cooled in the moulds, in this semi-purified state it constitutes the crude pig iron, or cast iron, of the manufacturers. This cast iron has three times less tenacity, and once and a half less resiliency, or power of recovering its original condition, when slightly interfered with, than the metal possesses in its purest form.

In order that cast iron may be brought

into the purest condition the metal can assume, it is again melted in a fierce furnace, and then, when molten, it is splashed about by the end of an iron rod. Corrosive oxygen floating round in the air, thus invited, enters again upon its old pranks; seizes more of the carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus, and flies off with them as vapor. The remains of other less abundant impurities collect into a slight scum, and there then remains tolerably pure iron, which is taken from the furnace as it consolidates in cooling, and transferred to the anvil, to be there knocked and kneaded by the hammer, until it gets dense and close-grained, or rather *close-fibred*, under the repeated assaults. This process of preparing the cast iron for the operations of the forge, by agitating it when in a molten state, is expressively designated by the term *puddling*. When the cast iron has lost in the puddling four out of its five per cent of carbon, it has been changed into steel. Steel is a carburet of iron, containing one pound of carbon to every ninety-nine pounds of iron. When the remaining one per cent of carbon has been almost entirely removed, there remains pure malleable iron.

One great drawback upon the employment of this process for the preparation of malleable iron, has hitherto been the heavy expense of the fuel, that of necessity has to be employed in the repeated meltings. Some of the best kinds of iron are only procured after six successive fusings. In addition to this difficulty, it has always been found impossible, also, to prepare any very large quantity at once. Founders have thought they had effected wonders when they have turned out some four or five hundredweights by one puddling. The railings which surround the cathedral of St. Paul's in London were made of iron, procured by the puddling process in Sussex, at the expense of £7000.

All this, however, appears now to pertain to the past rather than to the present. A civil engineer of London has just patented a plan for the preparation of malleable iron by a new process, by which he is able to deal with the metal in almost any quantity at once. He has experimentally shown his ability to convert five tons of molten cast iron into a vast lump of pure malleable iron in thirty-five minutes: and it is stated that, by the use of his process, an equal quantity of iron rail-

ing with that which stands round St. Paul's might be furnished at the comparatively trifling cost of £230.

This new process of Mr. Bessemer's consists merely in forcing air through the molten pig-iron, in the place of splashing up the molten iron into the air. The molten iron, drawn off from the slag in the usual way, after the first roasting and melting, is received red-hot into a sort of basin, instead of into moulds. This basin has holes at its bottom, communicating with a very powerful pair of blast-bellows, worked by steam. The air-blast is turned on before the red-hot liquid metal is received into the basin; and the result is, that the metal is prevented from running into the holes by the out-set of the blast, and that the streams of air rush through it, tossing it violently to and fro with a sort of fiery boiling. The fierce air-blast forces the carbon combined with the iron into a furious combustion, and the heat of the molten liquid is thus raised higher and higher as the blast goes on. The carbon, which is a superfluous impurity, is itself converted into a valuable fuel through the force of the blast. First, a bright flame and an eruption of sparks burst from the mass; then the fiery liquid swells, and throws up the impurities to the surface as a kind of earthy froth, which is composed of these impurities entangled with oxide of iron by fusion. The sulphur and phosphorus are burned off with the carbon, and after a few minutes, when the flame subsides, there remains nothing behind but the perfectly cleansed iron, ready to be drawn off through the vent-hole of the basin, and more pure than the metal procured after half-a-dozen successive fusings by the old plan. The exact quality of the iron drawn off depends, however, upon the extent to which the blast has been carried. The mass passes gradually, during purification, through the condi-

tion of cast steel and hard steel into that of soft malleable iron. There is an intermediate form, which Mr. Bessemer calls "semi-steel," which is harder than iron, and less brittle than steel, and which he states will prove to be of inconceivable value for all purposes where lightness, strength, and durability are required to be combined. The cast iron loses eighteen per cent by the time the purification has been carried to the utmost.

Such, then, is the new promise which has just been held out in these iron days. The metal which is in such enormous demand for works of surpassing extent and strength, is to be furnished in the most perfect state, in tenfold quantities, and with more than a tenfold saving of the cost of fuel used in the preparation. There is to be one roasting and one melting, in the place of half-a-dozen tedious and costly fusings; air is to be blown through the molten liquid, and presto! in a few short minutes, huge masses of the finest grained iron are to be ready for the hammer and the anvil. If this promise be fulfilled, the best steel, which is now worth from £20 to £30 the ton, will be furnished in any required quantity at the cost of £6 the ton, and malleable iron will be sold at the same price, instead of at £8 10s the ton. It has been calculated that this improved process of Mr. Bessemer's will produce, when generally adopted, a saving to Great Britain of a sum equal to five millions of pounds sterling every year.

[Our readers may be aware that different opinions have been expressed regarding Mr. Bessemer's process. The above paper is by an esteemed contributor, and a man well known in general science; but for our part, we are disinclined to hazard, on such a question, any opinion of our own, having had no opportunity of observing the new process. — Ed.]

PENCE A-PIECE. — To the instances of this expression, cited in former numbers, may be added the following from Swift's poem of *The Legion Club*:

"In the porch Briareus stands,  
Shows a bribe in all his hands:  
Briareus the secretary,  
But we mortals call him Carey.  
When the rogues their country fleece,  
They may hope for pence a-piece."

— *Notes and Queries*.

WORKS ON THE GLASS MANUFACTURE. — What works are most suitable for the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of the manufacture of glass?

[There is a popular modern treatise by G. R. Porter, published in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, entitled, "A Treatise on the Origin, Progressive Improvement, and Present State of the Manufacture of Porcelain and Glass," 1832. Consult also Apsley Pellatt's *Curiosities of Glass-Making*, sm. 4to., 1849.] — *Notes and Queries*.

## I'M GROWING OLD.

The following beautiful stanzas first appeared in the *Andover Advertiser*, and were written, as we happen to know, by a lady of New York city. However it may be with the frail physical frame, the heart, we are sure, that gushes out in these lines can never "grow old."—*Journal of Commerce*.

I'm growing old — 't is surely so;  
And yet how short it seems  
Since I was but a sportive child,  
Enjoying childish dreams!

I cannot see the change that comes  
With such an even pace;  
I mark not when the wrinkles fall  
Upon my fading face.

I know I'm old; and yet my heart  
Is just as young and gay.  
As e'er it was before my locks  
Of bright brown turned to gray.

I know these eyes to other eyes  
Look not so bright and glad  
As once they looked; and yet 'tis not  
Because my heart's more sad.

I never watched with purer joy  
The floating clouds and glowing skies,  
While glistening tears of rapture fill  
These old and fading eyes.

And when I mark the cheek, where once  
The bright rose used to glow,  
It grieves me not to see instead  
The almond crown my brow.

I've seen the flower grow old and pale,  
And withered more than I;  
I've seen it lose its every charm,  
Then droop away and die.

And then I've seen it rise again,  
Bright as the beaming sky,  
And young and pure and beautiful —  
And felt that so shall I.

Then what if I am growing old?  
My heart is changeless still,  
And God has given me enough  
This loving heart to fill.

I love to see the sun go down,  
And lengthening shadows throw  
Along the ground, while o'er my head  
The clouds in crimson glow.

I see, beyond those gorgeous clouds,  
A country bright and fair,  
Which needs no sun: God and the Lamb  
Its light and beauty are.

I seem to hear the wondrous song  
Redeemed sinners sing;  
And my heart leaps to join the throng  
To praise the Heavenly King.

I seem to see three cherub boys,  
As hand in hand they go,  
With golden curls and snowy wings,  
Whose eyes with rapture glow.

When I was young I called them mine —  
Now Heaven's sweet ones are they;  
But I shall claim my own again,  
When I am called away.

Perhaps, when heaven's bright gate I've passed,  
They'll know from every other  
The one who gave them back to God,  
And haste to call me mother.

O! I am glad I'm growing old!  
For every day I spend  
Shall bring me one day nearer that  
Bright day that has no end.

From The Boston Journal.

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY S. M. SMITH.

CHRISTMAS EVE! cold, dark, and cheerless  
Was the widow's fireless hearth;  
Pale stars glistened in the heavens,  
White snow spread upon the earth.

Look'd she through the frosted window,  
Up to Him, the God on high;  
Pray'd she for one only blessing —  
By the lov'd and lost to lie.

"Mamma," said a low voice near her, —  
'T was her sole remaining joy, —  
"Santa Claus will not forget me,  
Not forget good little boy."

"See!" he swung his ragged stocking  
In triumph through the air,  
"I'll hang it by the chimney,  
Then I'll say my little prayer."

"Don't cry, mamma! I ain't hungry,"  
Sweetly low he lisping said;  
"Perhaps God will send some birdies  
To bring us whole lots of bread."

Close she drew her darling to her,  
Heard him say his evening prayer;  
Shivering laid him on his pallet —  
Close beside him nestled there.

One long good-night kiss he gave her,  
Said, "Dear mamma, do not weep!"  
Clasp'd his little arms around her,  
Sank into a dreamless sleep.

Morning came; clear, bright, and cheerful  
Shone the ruddy rising sun,  
While the seraph guards of heaven  
A glad Christmas welcome sung.

For the mother and her darling,  
'Mid night's shadows dark and dim,  
Sought the home of Him whose birthplace  
Was the stable of an inn.

And the angels, as they bore them,  
Sang the same glad, joyous strains  
That they sang to shepherds watching  
Upon old Judea's plains.

Reading, Mass., 1856.

From The National Magazine.

ENGLISH QUEENS OF FRANCE.

BY DR. DORAN.

WHEN Stanislas Leckzinski was consoling himself for the loss of his throne in Poland, by inventing pleasant little dishes in Lorraine, he one day, after perusing a letter which he had just received, took off his apron, entered the room of his daughter, and exclaimed joyfully, "My child, you are queen of France!" Marie Leckzinski listened to the announcement with pleasure; and in a note which she soon after dispatched to her dear friend the "grande maréchale," she registered the sentiment that "it was mercy in kings to render justice, and that it was justice in queens to exercise mercy." The sentiment was better than the spelling by which it was expressed; and the sentiment was a plagiarism. It belonged to Bathilde.

Who, then, was Bathilde?

She was the English housekeeper of a French noble, and consort of Clovis II., king of France.

Bathilde, when a child, was picking up shells on the southern coast of England. She was descried by a French pirate, who, knowing her market value, landed, seized her, and with his prize set sail for St. Valery. As he carried her ashore, he tried to comfort the weeping captive by telling her that she should serve none but a noble. The girl looked up smilingly through her tears, and remarked:

"I have had a dream. The ever-fasting St. Gildas has told me that I shall live in a house where nobles shall serve me."

"Why, little Saxon," said the free-trader, "you would then be a queen——"

"Whose justice it is to execute mercy, while it is the mercy of kings to render justice."

The mayor of the palace of Clovis II., an official whose name is written in such various ways that it is easier to give him none than pause to make a choice, heard the words of the little maiden, and purchased her of her owner, for a couple of handfuls of gold and a front-tooth of St. Apollonia.

The pirate sold the tooth at Bonn for as much gold as he had already received. It was purchased by a wicked lord of Kreuzberg, who presented it to the church there, and became easy in his mind forever after.

To this day it is resorted to by Rhinelanders

suffering from anguish of any sort in the jaws. It cures all who do not go away unrelieved.

Clovis II. saw the youthful Bathilde grow up in the house of his great officer. He admired the prudence with which so young a manager presided over the servile household; and the self-denial with which the beautiful Saxon slave would sometimes wait on her companions in bondage. He thought of her when she was absent till he grew perplexed. To relieve him from this perplexity he summoned a council, announced to the members his determination to marry the beautiful girl from England, and finally asked their advice.

That they agreed readily to all he proposed is clear, from the fact that Clovis espoused her within a week. The first act of the young English queen of the Franks, was to manumit all Christian slaves in France, and to enact that none but infidels should ever again be in bonds to another within her and her husband's land.

"Within my land," suggested Clovis; "and, moreover, queens are incapable of enacting."

What the laughing Saxon answered is not known. That she did not yield, yet may have compromised, is most certain. From that day forth, down to the last of the Valois (and possibly old Marolles may carry down the fashion even later), it was the established custom for each married king in France to commence business with the royal council by assuring them that he had previously "thought it over" with the queen. "*Il s'était avisé avec la reine.*"

Nothing could possibly be more gallant, nor, generally speaking, more untrue.

If Clovis II. had a fault to find with his Saxon consort, it was, perhaps, that she was too regardless of expense in founding monasteries and endowing churches; too prodigal of attendance at religious revivals in old convents; and a little too much addicted to follow the advice of Bishop Eligius rather than his own.

If these were faults, Bathilde would not be cured of them. She continued to lavish her revenue upon pious purposes, and erected almost as many magnificent abbeys and cathedrals in France, as under Stephen there were subsequently erected castles in England. The name of this English queen in France was connected with the grandest ecclesiastical

edifices in the country. She impoverished her husband, but she served the church. There is very logical proof, for those who will receive it, to show that she was right. The English Bathilde had three sons: They all reigned in succession; and they are the only three brothers who ascended the French throne without a change of dynasty immediately following.

Capet, Valois, and Bourbon,—each of these lines came to an end with three brothers, kings in their turn.

When Bathilde became a widow she exhibited a little inconsistency by wearing superb dresses, decorated with costly gems. Like Queen Charlotte, when the regency was established, and George III. was politically dead, she broke out into a flutter of enjoyment. It did not last long. St. Eligius, then defunct, appeared to her in a vision, and placed before her mind's eye so startling a picture, representing how frivolous widows in this world were condemned, undraped, to ride ungovernable steeds with red-hot saddles on their backs in the next, that Bathilde sold all her finery, raised a magnificent monument with the proceeds to the memory of the defunct prelate, and retired forever into a convent, where the discipline was strict, and the table execrable.

Bathilde died towards the end of the seventh century; was canonized, and permitted to share the honors of the 30th of January, with two other ladies, St. Martina and St. Aldegonda. The somewhat noble name by which we call her was, probably, not her own; for, according to old French authors, the true appellation of the first English queen of France was—*BUTTER*!

After all, the name is not ignoble. The Butters have been landowners in Scotland from the days of Kenneth M'Alpine.

It is unnecessary to do more than record the fact that the English princess Ogine shared the throne of the French king, Charles the Simple. This marriage, however, led to the first Anglo-French alliance which ever existed. Louis d'Outre-Mer was the son of Ogine; and her brother Athelstan, king of England, sent a fleet to aid his nephew against his powerful enemies.

The most remarkable of our English princesses who have worn a crown-matrimonial in France was, without doubt, "Madame Marie," as our neighbors called our Mary

Tudor, who married a French king and loved an English noble.

The sister of Henry VIII. was sought by four lovers: Albert of Austria, Charles of Spain, Louis XII., and Charles Brandon, who won his dukedom of Suffolk on the field of Flodden. Of these, she married the French king and the English subject. When her imperious brother "sold" her to Louis XII.,—that Louis who wins our sympathy, as the Duke of Orleans, in *Quentin Durward*, and who was already twice a widower,—Mary appealed to that mercy which in sovereigns is justice; but she appealed in vain. She was placed on board the least lively-looking tub of the royal fleet at Dover; and prayers were piled up to St. Wulphran to carry her safely into his own harbor of Boulogne.

Never was bridal party so tempest-tost as this. The authorities at Boulogne fired away half their ammunition, with the double purpose of signalling and greeting. No power of helm, nor skill of pilot, could persuade any one of the royal tubs to roll into the port where crowds of the French aristocracy were in waiting to welcome the English bride. The whole fleet, bride's own especial tub-yacht and the tubs of convoy, rolled obstinately ashore, three leagues to the east of the harbor they could not make. As long as land was made, the marriage-party cared little how it was effected. In a brief time they were all afoot on the sandy beach. The spot was wild, and the travellers, knights, and ladies looked in woful plight, in draggled silks and well-drenched plumes, dull, dismal, and disgusted;—all save one, a certain Anne Boleyn, who was in attendance on Madame Marie, and whose spirits not even the rough ocean could daunt.

Then came the fishing population, crying *Noel!* and *Dieu Gard!* and then some tents were pitched and pennons displayed; and the dreary locality began to wear an air of gayety, when in rode the Duke de Longueville and a brilliant train from Boulogne, inquiring for the bride, who was weeping or sleeping within a hut fresh hung with tapestry, and surrounded by a score of tents and chilly knights in damp and rusted armor.

All the accounts of the *upholstery* of the scene and its cost may be found in the French state-paper office. With respect to the actors, the gallant knights of Picardy, when they saw the fair and youthful "Madame

Marie"—she was but sixteen—protested that her royal brother was well justified in calling her the "Pearl of England." The dresses of the bride excited as great admiration on the part of the French ladies, who unanimously allowed that the 1,000,000 crowns promised by the king of France to his cousin of England could not be considered an exorbitant price for such a "pearl"—even supposing that his majesty ever paid the money.

Louis was awaiting his bride with impatience at Abbeville. Hearing at length that the princess was fairly on her way, the infirm king climbed into his saddle, and trotted with as much vigor as his debility would bear, to meet her. They met a mile or two from the abbatial city. Louis rode close up to her side, and swore an unsavory oath that she was even more beautiful than report had made or artist limned her. The ill-assorted pair were received at the gates of the city with a world of mediæval pomp, and a dreadful amount of ponderous compliment. The cathedral had never seen such splendor as on the occasion of the dazzling marriage-ceremony, which had not long been concluded when all the young bride's English attendants

were dismissed by order of the royal husband. Exception was made of Anne Boleyn and two other ladies, who witnessed with more delight than the bride the never-ending festival which celebrated the event. That event took place on the 9th of October, 1514. Three months later Louis was in his tomb at St. Denis; and within another quarter of a year the happy young queen-dowager of France was publicly married at Greenwich to the man of her heart, Brandon duke of Suffolk.

Of the two daughters who survived this union, one, Frances, married Grey marquis of Dorset, and subsequently duke of Suffolk. Lady Jane Grey was one of three daughters, issue of this marriage, and heiress, as her foolish partisans thought, to the crown, by right of her grandmother and her Protestantism.

Finally, the English queen-dowager of France and Duchess of Suffolk was at the head of a happy household in the ducal mansion in the Borough. The dust of the last English princess who sat on the French throne lies beneath the altar in the old abbey-church of Bury St. Edmund's—fitting place of rest for queen and duchess.

**SHOWERS OF WHEAT.**—I have lately met with two notices of showers of wheat. What is the real nature of this phenomenon?

The first notice occurs in Oldys' Catalogue of Pamphlets in the Harleian Library (Harl. Miscell., vol. x. p. 359, 4to., 1813):

"A wonderful and straunge newes which happened in the countye of Suffolke and Essex, the first of February being Friday, when it rained wheat the space of vi or vii miles compass; a notable example to put us in remembrance of the judgments of God, and a preparative sent to move us to a speedy repentance. Written by Stephen Averell, student in divinitie. Imprinted at London for Edward White, 1583." [Octavo, in 14 leaves black letter.]

The author says, not that he saw this wonderful shower himself, but reports it from many witnesses (four of whose names are inscribed at the end), that about Ipswich, Stocknayland,

and Hadley in Suffolk especially, such grain did fall in a drizzling snow at the time, and to the compass aforesaid: but that it was of a softer substance, greener color without, whiter within, and of a mealier taste than common wheat.

The second notice is in Thoresby's Diary (vol. i. 86):

"1681. June 11. Walked with Dutch cousin to Woodhouse hill where, in cousin Fenton's chamber, I gathered some of the corn that was rained down the chimney the Lord's day seven-night, when it likewise rained plentifully of the like upon Hedingley moor, as was confidently reported: but those I gathered from the white hearth, which was stained with drops of blue where it had fallen, for it is of a pale red or a kind of sky color, is pretty, and tastes like common wheat, of which I have 100 corns."

—Notes and Queries.

From Household Words.

### A PETITION TO THE NOVEL-WRITERS.

I HOPE nobody will be shocked, but it is only proper that I should confess, before writing another line, that I am about to disclose the existence of a Disreputable Society, in one of the most respectable counties in England. I dare not be more particular as to the locality, and I cannot possibly mention the members by name. However, I have no objection to admit that I am perpetual Secretary, that my wife is President, that my daughters are Council, and that my nieces form the Society. Our object is to waste our time, misemploy our intellects, and ruin our morals; or, in other words, to enjoy the prohibited luxury of novel-reading.

It is a private opinion of mine that the dull people in this country—no matter whether they belong to the Lords or the Commons—are the people who privately, as well as publicly, govern the nation. By dull people, I mean people of all degrees of rank and education, who never want to be amused. I don't know how long it is since these dreary members of the population first hit on the cunning idea—the only idea they ever had, or will have—of calling themselves Respectable; but I do know that, ever since that time, this great nation has been afraid of them—afraid in religious, in political, and in social matters. If my present business were with the general question, I think I could prove this assertion easily and indisputably by simple reference to those records of our national proceedings which appear in the daily newspapers. But my object in writing is of the particular kind. I have a special petition to address to the writers of novels on the part of the Disreputable Society to which I belong; and if I am to give any example here of the supremacy of the dull people, it must be drawn from one or two plain evidences of their success in opposing the claims of our fictitious literature to fit popular recognition.

The dull people decided, years and years ago, as every one knows, that novel-writing was the lowest species of literary exertion, and that novel-reading was a dangerous luxury and an utter waste of time. They gave, and still give, reasons for this opinion, which are very satisfactory to persons born without Fancy or Imagination, and which are utterly inconclusive to every one else. But, with

reason or without it, the dull people have succeeded in affixing to our novels the stigma of being a species of contraband goods. Look, for example, at the Prospectus of any librarian. The principal part of his trade of book-lending consists in the distributing of novels; and he is uniformly unwilling to own that simple fact. Sometimes, he is afraid to print the word Novel at all in his lists, and smuggles in his contraband fiction under the head of Miscellaneous Literature. Sometimes, after freely offering all histories, all biographies, all voyages, all travels, he owns self-reproachfully to the fact of having novels too, but deprecatingly adds—Only the best! As if no other branch of the great tree of literature ever produced tasteless and worthless fruit! In all cases, he puts novels last on his public list of the books he distributes, though they stand first on his private list of the books he gains by. Why is he guilty of all these sins against candor? Because he is afraid of the dull people.

Look again—and this brings me to the subject of these lines—at our Book Clubs. How paramount are the dull people there! How they hug to their rigid bosoms Voyages and Travels! How they turn their intolerant backs on novels! How resolutely they get together, in a packed body, on the committee, and impose their joyless laws on the yielding victims of the club, who secretly want to be amused! Our book club was an example of the unresisted despotism of their rule. We began with a law that novels should be occasionally admitted; and the dull people abrogated it before we had been in existence a twelvemonth. I smuggled in the last morsel of fiction that our starving stomachs were allowed to consume, and produced a hurricane of virtuous indignation at the next meeting of the committee. All the dull people of both sexes attended. One dull gentleman said the author was a pantheist, and quoted some florid ecstasies on the subject of scenery and flowers in support of the opinion. Nobody seemed to know exactly what a pantheist was, but everybody cried "Hear, hear,"—which did just as well for the purpose. Another dull gentleman said the book was painful, because there was a deathbed scene in it. A third reviled it for morbid revelling in the subject of crime, because a shot from the pistol of a handsome highwayman dispatched the villain of the

story. But the great effect of the day was produced by a lady, the mother of a large family which began with a daughter of eighteen years, and ended with a boy of eight months. This lady's objection affected the heroine of the novel,—a most respectable married woman, perpetually plunged in virtuous suffering, but an improper character for young persons to read about, because the poor thing had three accouchements in the course of three volumes. "How can I suffer my daughters to read such a book as that?" cried our prolific subscriber, indignantly. A tumult of applause followed. A chorus of speeches succeeded, full of fierce references to "our national morality," and "the purity of our hearths and homes." A resolution was passed excluding all novels for the future; and then, at last, the dull people held their tongues, and sat down with a thump in their chairs, and glared contentedly on each other in stolid controversial triumph. From that time forth (histories and biographies being comparatively scarce articles), we gaping subscribers were fed by the dull people on nothing but *Voyages and Travels*. Every man (or woman) who had voyaged and travelled to no purpose, who had made no striking observations of any kind, who had nothing whatever to say, and who said it at great length in large type on thick paper, with accompaniment of frowzy lithographic illustrations, was introduced weekly to our hearths and homes as the most valuable guide, philosopher, and friend whom our rulers could possibly send us. All the subscribers submitted; all partook the national dread of the dull people, with the exception of myself and the members of my family enumerated at the beginning of these pages. We gallantly and publicly abandoned the club; got a box-full of novels for ourselves, once a month, from London; lost caste with our respectable friends in consequence; and became, for the future, throughout the length and breadth of our neighborhood, the Disreputable Society to which I have already alluded. If the dull people of our district were told to-morrow that my wife, daughters, and nieces had all eloped in different directions, leaving just one point of the compass open as a runaway outlet for me and the cook, I feel firmly persuaded that not one of them would be inclined to discredit the report. They would just look up from their *Voyages and Travels*, say to each other,

"Exactly what might have been expected!" and go on with their reading again, as if no such thing as an extraordinary domestic tragedy had occurred in the neighborhood.

And now, to come to the main object of this paper,—the humble petition of myself and family to certain of our novel-writers. We may say of ourselves that we deserve to be heard, for we have braved public opinion for the sake of reading novels; and we have read, for some years past, all (I hold to the assertion, incredible as it may appear)—all the stories in one, two, and three volumes, that have issued from the press. It has been a hard struggle—but we are actually still abreast of the flood of fiction at this moment. The critics may say that one novel is worth reading, and that another is not. We are no critics, and we read every thing. The enjoyment we have derived from our all-devouring propensities has been immense,—the gratitude we feel to the ladies and gentlemen who feed us to repletion, is inexpressible. What, then, have we got to petition about? A very slight matter. Marking, first of all, as exceptions, certain singular instances of originality, I may mention, as a rule, that our novel-reading enjoyments have hitherto been always derived from the same sort of characters and the same sort of stories, varied, indeed, as to names and minor events, but fundamentally always the same, through hundreds on hundreds of successive volumes, by hundreds on hundreds of different authors. We, none of us, complain of this, so far; for we like to have as much as possible of any good thing; but we beg deferentially to inquire whether it might not be practicable to give us a little variety for the future? We believe we have only to prefer our request to the literary ladies and gentlemen who are so good as to interest and amuse us, to have it granted immediately. They cannot be expected to know when the reader has had enough of one set of established characters and events, unless the said reader takes it on himself to tell them. Actuated by this conviction, I propose in the present petition to enumerate respectfully, on behalf of myself and family in our capacity of readers, some of the most remarkable among the many good things in fiction which we think we have had enough of. We have no unwholesome craving after absolute novelty—all that we venture to ask for is, the ringing of a slight

change on some of the favorite old tunes which we have long since learnt by heart.

To begin with our favorite Hero. He is such an old friend that we have by this time got to love him dearly. We would not lose sight of him altogether on any consideration whatever. If we thought we had done with his aquiline nose, his tall form, his wavy hair, his rich voice, melancholy would fall on our fireside, and we should look at life for the future with jaundiced eyes. Far be it from us to hint at the withdrawal of this noble, loving, injured, fascinating man! Long may we continue to weep on his deep chest and press respectfully to our lips the folds of his ample cloak! Personally speaking, it is by no means of him that we are getting tired, but of certain actions which we think he has performed often enough. For instance, may we put it respectfully to the ladies and gentlemen who are so good as to exhibit him, that he had better not "stride" any more? He has stridden so much, on so many different occasions, across so many halls, along so many avenues, in and out at so many drawing-room doors, that he must be knocked up by this time, and his dear legs ought really to have a little rest. Again, when his dignity is injured by irreverent looks or words, can he not be made to assert it for the future without "drawing himself up to his full height?" He has already been stretched too much by perpetual indulgence in this exercise for scores and scores of years. Let him sit down—do please let him sit down next time! It would be quite new, and so impressive. Then, again, we have so often discovered him standing with folded arms, so often beheld him pacing with folded arms, so often heard him soliloquize with folded arms, so often broken in upon him meditating with folded arms, that we think he had better do something else with his arms for the future. Could he swing them for a change? or put them akimbo? or drop them suddenly on either side of him? or could he give them a holiday altogether, and fold his legs for a change? Perhaps not. The word legs—why, I cannot imagine—seems always suggestive of jocularly. "Fitzherbert stood up and folded his arms," is serious. "Fitzherbert sat down and folded his legs," is comic. Why, I should like to know.

A word—one respectful word of remonstrance to the lady-novelists especially. We

think they have put our Hero on horseback often enough. For the first five hundred novels or so, it was grand, it was thrilling, when he threw himself into the saddle after the inevitable quarrel with his lady-love, and galloped off madly to his bachelor home. It was grand to read this—it was awful to know, as we came to know at last by long experience, that he was sure before he got home to be spilt—no, not spilt; that is another word suggestive of jocularly—thrown, and given up as dead. It was inexpressibly soothing to behold him in the milder passages of his career, moody in the saddle, with the reins thrown loosely over the arched neck of the steed, as the gallant animal paced softly with his noble burden, along a winding road, under a blue sky, on a balmy afternoon in early spring. All this was delightful reading for a certain number of years; but every thing wears out at last, and trust me, ladies, your hero's favorite steed, your dear, intelligent, affectionate, glossy, long-tailed horse, has really done his work, and may now be turned loose, for some time to come, with great advantage to yourselves, and your readers.

Having spoken a word to the ladies, I am necessarily and tenderly reminded of their charming representatives—the Heroines. Let me say something, first, about our favorite two sisters—the tall dark one, who is serious and unfortunate: the short light one, who is coquettish and happy. Being an Englishman, I have, of course, an ardent attachment to any thing like an established rule, simply because it is established. I know that it is a rule that, when two sisters are presented in a novel, one must be tall and dark, and the other short and light. I know that five-feet-eight of female flesh and blood, when accompanied by an olive complexion, black eyes, and raven hair, is synonymous with strong passions and an unfortunate destiny. I know that five feet nothing, golden ringlets, soft blue eyes, and a lily-brow, cannot possibly be associated, by any well-constituted novelist, with any thing but ringing laughter, arch innocence, and final matrimonial happiness. I have studied these great first principles of the art of fiction too long not to reverence them as established laws; but I venture respectfully to suggest that the time has arrived when it is no longer necessary to insist on them in novel after novel. I am afraid there

is something naturally revolutionary in the heart of man. Although I know it to be wrong, to be against all precedent, I want to revolutionize our favorite two sisters. Would any bold innovator run all risks, and make them both alike in complexion and in stature? Or would any desperate man (I dare not suggest such a course to the ladies) effect an entire alteration, by making the two sisters change characters? I tremble when I see to what lengths the spirit of innovation is leading me. Would the public accept the tall dark-haired sister, if she exhibited a jolly disposition and a tendency to be flippant in her talk? Would readers be fairly startled out of their sense of propriety, if the short charmer with the golden hair appeared before them as a serious, strong-minded, fierce-spoken, miserable, guilty woman? It might be a dangerous experiment to make this change; but it would be worth trying,—the rather (if I may be allowed to mention any thing so utterly irrelevant to the subject under discussion as real life) because I think there is some warrant in nature for attempting the proposed innovation. Judging by my own small experience, I should say that strong minds and passionate natures reside principally in the breasts of little, light women, especially if they have angelic blue eyes and a quantity of fair ringlets. The most facetiously skittish woman, for her age, with whom I am acquainted, is my own wife, who is three inches taller than I am. The heartiest laughter I ever heard is my second daughter, who is bigger even than my wife, and has the blackest eyebrows and the swarthiest cheeks in the whole neighborhood. With such instances as these, producible from the bosom of my own family, who can wonder if I want, for once in a way, to overthrow the established order of things, and have a jovial dark sister and a dismal light one introduced as startling novelties in one or two of the hundred new volumes which we are likely to receive next season from the Circulating Library?

But, after all, our long-established two sisters seem to be exceptional beings, and to possess comparatively small importance, the moment our minds revert to that vastly superior single personage, THE HEROINE. Let me mention, to begin with, that we wish no change to be made in our respectable, recognized, old-fashioned Heroine, who has lived

and loved and wept for centuries. I have taken her to my bosom thousands of times already, and ask nothing better than to indulge in that tender luxury thousands of times again. I love her blushing cheek, her gracefully-rounded form, her chiselled nose, her slender waist, her luxuriant tresses which always escape from the fillet that binds them. Any man or woman who attempts, from a diseased craving after novelty, to cheat me out of one of her moonlight walks, one of her floods of tears, one of her kneeling entreaties to obdurate relatives, one of her rapturous sinkings on her lover's bosom, is a novelist whom I distrust and dislike. He, or she, may be a very remarkable writer; but their books will not do for my family and myself. The Heroine, the whole Heroine, and nothing but the Heroine—that is our cry, if you drive us into a corner and insist on our stating precisely what we want, in the plainest terms possible.

Being, thus, conservatives in regard to the established Heroine, though tainted with radicalism in reference to the established Hero, it will not, I trust, appear a very unaccountable proceeding, if we now protest positively, and even indignantly, against a new kind of heroine—a bouncing, ill-conditioned, impudent young woman, who has been introduced among us of late years. I venture to call this wretched and futile substitute for our dear, tender, gentle, loving old Heroine, the Man-Hater; because, in every book in which she appears, it is her mission from first to last to behave as badly as possible to every man with whom she comes in contact. She enters on the scene with a preconceived prejudice against my sex, for which I, as a man, abominate her; for which my wife, my daughters, my nieces, and all other available women whom I have consulted on the subject, despise her. When her lover makes her an offer of marriage, she receives it in the light of a personal insult, goes up to her room immediately afterwards, and flies into a passion with herself, because she is really in love with the man all the time—comes down again, and snubs him before company instead of making a decent apology—pouts and flouts at him on all after-occasions, until the end of the book is at hand—then, suddenly, turns round and marries him! If we feel inclined to ask why she could not, under the circumstances, receive his advances with

decent civility at first, we are informed that her "maidenly consciousness" prevented it. This maidenly consciousness seems to me very like new English for our old-fashioned phrase bad manners. And I am the more confirmed in this idea, because, on all minor occasions, the Man-Hater is persistently rude and dis-obliging to the last. Every individual in the novel who wears trousers and gets within range of her maidenly consciousness, becomes her natural enemy from that moment. If he makes a remark on the weather, her lip curls; if he asks leave to give her a potato at dinner-time (meaning, poor soul, to pick out for her the mealiest in the dish), her neck curves in scorn; if he offers a compliment, finding she won't have a potato, her nostril dilates. Whatever she does, even in her least aggressive moments, she always gets the better of all the men. They are set up like nine-pins for the Man-Hater to knock down. They are described, on their introduction, as clever, resolute fellows; but they lose their wits and their self-possession the instant they come within hail of the Man-Hater's terrible tongue. No man kisses her, no man dries her tears, no man sees her blush (except with rage), all through the three volumes. And this is the opposition Heroine who is set up as successor to our soft, feminine, loveable, sensitive darling of former days!

Set up, too, by lady-novelists, who ought surely to be authorities when female characters are concerned. Is the Man-Hater a true representative of young women, now-a-days? If so, what is to become of my son—my unlucky son, aged twelve years! In a short time, he will be marriageable, and he will go into the world to bill and coo, and offer his hand and heart, as his father did before him. My unhappy offspring, what a prospect awaits you! One forbidding phalanx of Man-Haters, bristling with woman's dignity, and armed to the teeth with maidenly consciousness, occupies the wide matrimonial field, look where you will! Ill-fated youth, yet a few years, and the female neck will curve, the female nostril dilate, at the sight of you. You see that stately form, those rustling skirts, that ample brow, and fall on your knees before it, and cry "Marry me, marry me, for Heaven's sake!" My deluded boy, that is not a woman—it is a Man-Hater—a whited sepulchre full of violent expostulations and injurious epithets. She will lead

you the life of a costermonger's ass, until she has exhausted her whole stock of maidenly consciousness; and she will then say (in effect, if not in words): "Inferior animal, I loved you from the first—I have asserted my womanly dignity by making an abject fool of you in public and private—now you may marry me!" Marry her not, my son! Go rather to the slave-market at Constantinople—buy a Circassian wife, who has heard nothing and read nothing about Man-Haters, bring her home (with no better dowry than pots of the famous Cream from her native land to propitiate your mother and sisters), and trust to your father to welcome an Asiatic daughter-in-law, who will not despise him for the unavoidable misfortune of being—a Man!

But I am losing my temper over a hypothetical case. I am forgetting the special purpose of my petition, which is to beg that the Man-Hater may be removed altogether from her usurped position of heroine. I have respectfully suggested slight changes in other characters—I imperatively demand total extinction in the present instance. The new-fashioned heroine is a libel on her sex. As a husband and a father, I solemnly deny that she is in any single respect a natural woman. Am I no judge? I have a wife, and I made her an offer. Did she receive it as the Man-Haters receive offers? Can I ever forget the mixture of modest confusion and perfect politeness with which that admirable woman heard me utter the most absolute nonsense that ever issued from my lips? Perhaps she is not fit for a heroine. Well, I can give her up in that capacity without a pang. But my daughters and nieces have claims, I suppose, to be considered as examples of what young ladies are in the present day. Ever since I read the first novel with a Man-Hater in it, I have had my eye on their nostrils, and I can make affidavit that I have never yet seen them dilate, under any circumstances or in any society. As for curling their lips and curving their necks, they have attempted both operations at my express request, and have found them to be physical impossibilities. In men's society, their manners (like those of all other girls whom I meet with) are natural and modest; and—in the cases of certain privileged men—winning, into the bargain. They open their eyes with aston-

ishment when they read of the proceedings of our new-fashioned heroines, and throw the book indignantly across the room, when they find a nice man submitting to be bullied by a nasty woman, because he has paid her the compliment of falling in love with her. No, no! we positively decline to receive any more Man-Haters, and there is an end of it!

With this uncompromising expression of opinion, I think it desirable to bring the present petition to a close. There are one or two other good things in fiction, of which we have had enough; but I refrain from mentioning them, from modest apprehension of asking for too much at a time. If the slight changes in general, and the sweeping reform in particular, which I have ventured to suggest, can be accomplished, we are

sure, in the future as in the past, to be grateful, appreciating, and incessant novel-readers. If we cannot claim any critical weight in the eyes of our esteemed authors, we can at least arrogate to ourselves the minor merit, not only of reading novels perpetually, but (and this is a rarer virtue) of publicly and proudly avowing the fact. We only pretend to be human beings with a natural desire for as much amusement as our work-a-day destinies will let us have. We are just respectable enough to be convinced of the usefulness of occasionally reading for information; but we are also certain (and we say it boldly, in the teeth of the dull people), that there are few higher, better, or more profitable enjoyments in this world than reading a good novel.

IRETON'S BURIAL PLACE.—Is there any reasonable doubt that the coffin taken to Westminster Abbey, and said to contain the body of Ireton, really did contain it? I remember, when a boy, to have gone with a party to see a small stone in the church of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, said to be the burial-place of some distinguished general, I think Ireton. Is there any thing certainly known on this subject?

[We have the following testimony of Evelyn, Pepys, and Rugge to the burial of Ireton in Westminster Abbey, as well as to the subsequent exhumation of his corpse: Evelyn says, "March 6, 1653, Saw the magnificent funeral of that arch-rebel, Ireton, carried in pomp from Somerset House to Westminster, accompanied with divers regiments of soldiers." Again, "Jan. 30, 1661." This day were the carcasses of those arch-rebels, Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the kings to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there from nine in the morning till six at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit, thousands of people who had seen them in all their pride being spectators." Pepys has the following entry under Jan. 30, 1661: "To my Lady Batten's, where my wife and she are lately come back again from being abroad, and seeing of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw hanged and buried at Tyburn." Rugge's account is more circumstantial. He says, "Jan. 30. This morning the carcasses of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw (which the day before had been brought from the Red Lion Inn in Holborn), were drawn upon a sledge to Tyburn, and then taken out of their coffins, and in their shrouds hanged by their neck, until the going down of the sun.

They were then cut down, their heads taken off, and their bodies buried in a grave under the gallows. The coffin in which was the body of Cromwell was a very rich thing, very full of gilded hinges and nails." (Addit. MS. 10, 116, British Museum.)]—*Notes and Queries*.

"TAKE A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT YOU."

—As the song is very short I send you the whole of it; the date of the same may be surmised from its reference to Lilly the astrologer:

"If any so wise is that sack he despises,  
Let him drink his small beer and be sober,  
And while we drink and sing, As if it were  
spring,  
He shall droop like the trees in October.  
But be sure, over night, if this dog you do  
bite,  
You take it henceforth for a warning,  
Soon as out of your bed, to settle your head  
With a hair of his tail in the morning.

"Then be not so silly To follow old Lilly,  
There's nothing but sack that can tune us,  
Let his *Ne assuescas* be put in his cap-case,  
Sing *Bibito Vinum Jejunos*.  
Then if any so wise is, &c."

It appears that our amusing diarist derived a benefit from this proverbial recipe. Pepys says, under April 3, 1661:

"Up among my workmen, my head akeing all day from last night's debauch. At noon dined with Sir W. Batten and Pen, who would have me drink two good draughts of sack to-day, to cure me of my last night's disease, which I thought strange, but I think find it true."—*Notes and Queries*.

## SHOWERS OF FISH.

On the night of the 19th and 20th of June, 1698, when the summit of a volcano north of Chimborazo, on the Andes, fell in, the surrounding country, to an extent of forty-three square miles, was found strewed with fish; a similar event having occurred seven years before, after the explosion of the volcano of Imbabara. In 1666, a grass-field, in the parish of Stanstead, near Maidstone in Kent, was found covered over with fish, of which about a bushel were collected. There are no rivers or fishponds in the neighborhood, and the place is distant from the sea. The fish were about the size of a man's little finger, were like sprats or whittings, and were supposed to have fallen from a black cloud then passing over the country, there having been a heavy fall of rain at the time. In 1825, a shower of herrings is said to have taken place near Loch Leven; in Kinross-shire; the wind blew from the Forth at the time, and probably carried the fish from the sea across Fife to the place where they were found. In 1828, a similar fall of fish occurred in Ross-shire, three miles from the Firth of Tain. On the 9th of March, 1830, numbers of small herrings were found scattered over the fields in the island of Ulva in Argyshire, after a heavy rain. On the 30th of June, 1841, a fish measuring ten inches in length, with others of smaller size, fell at Boston; and during a thunder-storm on the 8th of July, in the same year, fish and ice fell together at Derby. A similar occurrence once happened in the neighborhood of Paris, when, after a violent storm overnight, the streets were at dawn covered with fish. It was found that a fishpond in the neighborhood had been blown dry. About 1830, fish fell near Dunkeld in Perthshire; and the same thing happened some way from Logierait, on the Tay, where numbers of parr, about two inches long, were picked up on an elevated spot distant from any lake or river. The falls of fish recorded as having occurred in India have been more frequent and remarkable than those made mention of at home. Major Herriot, in his *Struggles through Life*, speaks of a shower of fish as having been experienced during a storm in the Madras presidency by troops on their march. In July, 1824, fish fell at Meerut on the men of His Majesty's 14th, then out at drill, and were caught in numbers. In July, 1826, live fish were seen to fall on the grass at Moradabad during a storm. They were of the common cyprinus, so prevalent in our Indian waters. On the 19th of February, 1830, at noon, a heavy fall of fish occurred at the Nokulhatty Factory, in the Dacca zillah; depositions on the subject were obtained from nine dif-

ferent parties. The fish were all dead: most of them were large; some were fresh, others rotten and mutilated. They were seen at first in the sky like a flock of birds descending rapidly to the ground. There was rain drizzling at the time, but no storm.

On the 16th and 17th of May, 1833, a fall of fish occurred in the zillah of Futtehpore, about three miles north of the Jumna, after a violent storm of wind and rain. The fish were from three pounds to a pound and a half in weight—of the same species as those found in the tanks in the neighborhood. They were all dead and dry. A fall of fish occurred at Allahabad during a storm in May, 1835; they were of the chowla species; and were found dead and dry after the storm had passed over the district. On the 20th of September, 1839, after a smart shower of rain, a quantity of live fish, about three inches in length, and all of the same kind, fell on the Sunderbunds, about twenty miles south of Calcutta. On this occasion, it was remarked that the fish did not fall here and there irregularly over the ground, but in a continuous straight line, not more than a span in breadth. The vast multitudes of fish with which the low grounds round Bombay are covered, about a week or ten days after the first burst of the monsoon, appear to be derived from the adjoining pools or rivulets, and not to descend from the sky. They are not, so far as I know, found in the higher parts of the island. I have never seen them, though I have watched carefully in casks collecting water from the roof of buildings, or heard of them on the decks or awnings of vessels in the harbor, where they must have appeared, had they descended from the sky. One of the most remarkable phenomena of this kind occurred during a tremendous deluge of rain in Kattywar, on the 25th of July, 1850, when the ground around Rajkote was found literally covered with fish; some of them were found on the top of haystacks, where probably they had been drifted by the storm. In the course of twenty-four successive hours, twenty-seven inches of rain fell; thirty-five fell in twenty-six hours: seven inches within one hour and a half being the heaviest fall on record. At Poonah, on the 3d of August, 1852, after a very heavy fall of rain, multitudes of fish were caught on the ground in the cantonments, full half a mile from the nearest stream. If showers of fish are to be explained on the assumption that they are carried up, by squalls or violent winds, from rivers or spaces of water not far away from where they fall, it would be nothing wonderful were they seen to descend from the air during the furious squalls which occasionally occur in June.—*Dr. Buist, in Bombay Times.*

From Household Words.

## THE FRENCHMAN OF TWO WIVES.

MONSIEUR DE LA PIVARDIERE was a gentleman of ancient family, but reduced fortune, in Touraine. The family name was Bouchet, but he called himself Pivardière to distinguish himself from his brothers; he was of moderate height, neither handsome nor ugly, rather intelligent, well-disposed, and fond of amusement; he married more for money than for love a woman somewhat older than himself—a Madame du Plessir—a widow, who brought him an estate and château, called Nerbonne, for a dowry. She was not more than thirty-five, very fond of society, of which she was esteemed an ornament; for, says the chronicle, “Elle recevait avec une grace parfaite.” She and her husband lived on good terms, but he was frequently absent from home; for, he was lieutenant in the regiment of the Dragoons of St. Germaine, and had to be with the army; nevertheless, he corresponded with his wife, and came to see her whenever he could obtain leave of absence. At last he grew jealous of her. There was a certain Prior de Miseray, who, in former days, had been a great friend of his own, whom he had made his own chaplain, which obliged the priest to come to the château more frequently than when he had been only the Prior of Miseray. At first the husband liked this increase of intimacy, but when he found that the prior continued to come to the château in his absence as frequently as before, if not more frequently, he took umbrage, and chose to suppose that his wife and his friend betrayed him. He was terribly afraid of the ridicule that attaches to a deceived husband, and he said nothing, but took his own resolution. He quitted the army without telling his wife, and set out to travel. Whither he went is not particularly recorded—probably not very far—for a short time after he had left the service he arrived, on a summer's evening, at the gates of the town of Auxerre. A number of young girls were walking on the ramparts, laughing and talking among themselves. One of them attracted his admiration; she was very handsome; he made inquiries about her, and discovered that she was a Demoiselle Pillard, the daughter of a widow who kept a small inn—her father was recently dead. He had been a door-keeper

of the court of justice, and this office would descend, as a dowry, upon whomsoever should marry his daughter. Employments were, in those days, like estates, with the permission to bequeath them. At first he only intended to make the young woman his mistress; it was all a person in her position could expect from a fine gentleman; but, as it happened that she was too virtuous to agree to any thing but honorable, lawful marriage, and as the Sieur de la Pivardière was very much in love, and considered that he had been irrevocably injured by and divided from his wife, he felt no scruple in contracting a second marriage while she was alive; although bigamy, by the laws of France, was in those days a hanging matter.

He married her, notwithstanding, under his family name of Bouchet, and ceasing to be a seigneur, entered upon the office of huissier, which his bride's father had held before him: thus becoming a simple bourgeois. This marriage was very happy, and he did not suffer any remorse or misgivings to disturb his felicity. At the end of a year his second wife presented him with a baby, and he began to wish to make some better provision for it than the chance of becoming a huissier like its father and grandfather. He obtained leave of absence from his duties, and made a journey to Nerbonne, where his first wife still continued to reside, and the prior to visit her. M. de la Pivardière saw no reason for altering his previous opinion as to his having just grounds of jealousy, although it is only fair to say, that no proof beyond his own suspicions ever came to light. He pretended to his wife that he was still attached to the army, and needed money to buy his promotion. She gave him all she had, and he departed to rejoin his second wife, on whom he bestowed all the money he obtained from his first. Every year, for four successive years, he made a visit to Nerbonne, and took from his wife nearly the whole of her income, always under the pretence of the exigencies of the service. His family at Auxerre, in the mean while, had increased: he had by that time four children.

At length his real wife, Madame de la Pivardière, began to entertain some vague suspicions that all was not right. News did not travel in those days either far or fast. Still, it is very possible that rumors of his life at Auxerre might have reached her.

In the month of June, 1697, she received a letter from the procureur of the parliament in Paris, inquiring if she could tell him where her husband then was, as a person had written to him from Auxerre, to say that a woman there was extremely anxious to know his address, that she might send some clothes to him. This procureur—M. de Vigneur—appears to have been a friend, if not a relative, of Madame de la Pivardière. Such a letter was well calculated to inspire any wife with jealousy—much more Madame de la Pivardière, who had so much reason to question her husband's proceedings. She was still in all the perplexity caused by this letter when her husband himself arrived at Bourg Dieu (a small village about seven miles from his château); he was met by a mason named François Marsau, who knew him, and who expressed his surprise that he should come there instead of going home; but M. de la Pivardière, who was in a very bad humor, and more jealous of his wife than ever, declared his intention not to go to the château until the evening, when he hoped to surprise the Prior of Miseray with his wife, when either he would take the prior's life, or the prior should take his. François Marsau, thinking to do a good deed, carried this information to Madame de la Pivardière and to the prior. Two hours afterwards, when her husband alighted at the gate of the château, he certainly found both his wife and the prior—but he also found several of the neighboring gentry with their wives. They were all seated at dinner, and it was a friendly party instead of a guilty tête-à-tête that he disturbed. The prior seemed overjoyed to see him, and all the guests gave him a cordial welcome; his wife alone kept her seat, and did not speak to him. A lady of the company said, jestingly, to Pivardière,

"Is that the way to welcome back a husband after so long an absence?"

He replied gloomily,—

"I am her husband, it is true, but I am not her friend!"

And then he seated himself at the table in silence.

This was not likely to make the rest of the party very comfortable, and they took their departure as soon as possible. Left alone with his wife, M. de la Pivardière asked the meaning of the insolent reception she had given him.

"Go ask your wife," she replied.

Of course her husband stoutly denied every thing; but he could not convince her. They had high words together, and at length she was overheard to say:

"You shall learn what it is to offer such an insult to a woman like me!"

After which she left him, and retired to her own room, the door of which she shut with violence. M. de la Pivardière also retired into the room that had been prepared for him.

From that moment he disappeared. To comprehend properly the remainder of this strange story, the reader must bear in mind that, in those days, the domestic life in the interior of the castles and châteaux was of the strictest seclusion and privacy. There were no neighbors except those of the village belonging to the lord of the place, and they seldom dreamed of either commenting upon his acts or questioning the divine right of the seigneur to do as he pleased. The domestics were generally hereditary servants, whose entire and perfect fidelity to the family was the virtue of their class. Any crime could be perpetrated in these country residences with the profoundest secrecy, and it was quite possible to stifle all evidence of actions that, if once known, would seem of too monstrous growth for society to contain, much less to conceal. Added to this, high roads were few and bad in those parts of the country remote from Paris, or at a distance from large towns; and small towns and villages within a few miles of each other were as much isolated as if they had stood in different countries. The system of the administration of justice was complicated, and very different from the present system of centralization. Every town had its lieutenant-particulier, its procureur, its judge, and all the machinery of a separate administration of justice, except in cases of appeal to a higher court. No district could meddle with the affairs of another, and consequently there was no unity of action. The course of justice was complicated to a degree difficult to conceive in these days. Years were consumed, and the accused were either left to languish in a dungeon—a heavy punishment for a convicted malefactor—or the trials were concluded with a fatal precipitancy.

As we have said, the Sieur de la Pivar-

dière was never seen by any of the inmates of the château, after they had retired for the night on the fifteenth of August, 1697, leaving him alone with his wife in the dining-room after the guests had departed.

His horse, his arms, his riding-boots, and his heavy travelling cloak, were all left at the château, but the master of them was nowhere to be seen. This mysterious disappearance began to be whispered abroad, and a vague, sinister report that he had been murdered began to circulate. Four persons belonging to the château declared they heard the report of a musket on the night of the fifteenth of August. The two female servants of Madame de la Pivardière said things that seemed to confirm the report beginning to gain ground, and people murmured that the magistrates of the district took no steps to inquire into the matter.

At last the report of *Sieur de la Pivardière's* disappearance under suspicious circumstances reached Chatillon Sur l'Indre, and M. Morin, the procureur of that district, made a formal demand of the higher authorities to be allowed to inquire into the truth of the reports, and to make a public memorial of the result. This was on the fifth of September, and the next morning M. Morin and M. Bonnet, the lieutenant-particulier of Chatillon, repaired to the village of Jeu, in which parish Nerbonne was situated. They examined fifteen witnesses, who, however, could only depose to what they had heard from the two female domestics of Madame de la Pivardière. In consequence an order was issued for the arrest of Madame de la Pivardière, her children and servants. Catherine Lemoins, one of the two female servants, was arrested and thrown into prison; Catherine Lemercier, the other servant, made her escape. Madame de la Pivardière, who loudly asserted her innocence, concealed herself in the house of a friend. Madame d'Aunine, another friend, took charge of her jewels and plate, whilst some of the neighboring peasantry received her furniture, leaving the château to the mercy of the emissaries of the law. Madame de la Pivardière's little daughter—ten years old—was taken to the house of Madame de Préville, a friend of the family. After she had been there a few days, she related a story which caused an immense sensation, and seemed quite conclusive as to the fate of her father and the guilt of her mother.

She said that on the fifteenth of last August, she had not been put to bed in her usual bed-room, but in a garret at the top of the house, and that after she was in bed her mother came and locked the door upon her. During the night she was awakened by a great noise and a lamentable voice crying out, "O my God, have mercy upon me!" She tried to get out, but could not because the door was fast locked. The next day, she saw marks of blood on the floor of the room where her father had slept, and, some days afterwards she saw her mother washing linen stained with blood at a brook. Nobody dreamed of misdoubting the truth of a story told with so much simplicity. Other witnesses arose, all deposing to some new and corroborative fact.

Catherine Lemercier, the servant who had escaped, was arrested early in October, and being interrogated made a full confession. She said that, on the evening of the fifteenth of August, Madame de la Pivardière sent everybody out of the way, even her little daughter, whom she sent to sleep in the garret, locking her in. There remained in the house only Madame de la Pivardière, herself, and Catherine Lemoins, the other servant; but the Prior of Miseray was in the courtyard along with two of his valets, one of whom was armed with a sabre, the other with a pistol. Apparently, Madame de la Pivardière had not full confidence in Catherine Lemoins, for she sent her out to get some eggs from a farm-house at a short distance. She then went out to the prior and his servants, and brought them into the house. A candle having been lighted, they all proceeded to the room where M. de la Pivardière was sleeping. One of the men drew aside the curtains of the bed, and, seeing that their victim was lying in a position which rendered it difficult to strike him, the man mounted on a stool and fired down upon him. The unfortunate gentleman was only wounded, and, starting up streaming with blood, begged his life in the most moving tones, addressing himself especially to his wife without being able to touch her compassion. The other servant of the prior fell upon him with his sword and wounded him in several places. She, the witness, struck with horror at the spectacle and at the terrible cries of her master, could not refrain from tears, but was threatened by her mis-

tress with the same fate if she showed any compassion. She also deposed that as soon as her master was dead, the prior's servants took away the body, and she did not know what they did with it; but whilst they were gone Madame de la Pivardière fetched some ashes and herself scoured the boards. She had the bed carried into the cellar, along with the bed-clothes, which were steeped in blood. The straw was taken out of the mattress and burned, and the ticking filled with some fresh half-beaten straw. The prior's servants returned in about two hours, and they all sat down to supper together. At first, this witness said that the prior himself was not actually present during the assassination. But, shortly afterwards falling dangerously ill, and being apparently at the point of death, she sent for the judges and declared to them that she had disguised the truth as regarded the Prior of Miséray, and that he was the man who actually struck the fatal blow. Catherine Lemoins, the other servant, confirmed the evidence, and added that on her return from fetching the eggs, she went straight to the room occupied by the Sieur de la Pivardière, and found him just dead; that she desired the two valets to take away the body and bury it, but did not tell them where; and that then she went and prepared supper. After supper the men departed.

More than thirty witnesses, most of them friends of Madame de la Pivardière, deposed to the fact of the assassination, and confirmed the evidence of the two servants in many ways. All doubt about this tragedy was at an end—at least in Châtillon sur l'Indre, where the inquiry had taken place. But, now began the extraordinary part of this remarkable story. Tidings came from Ramorantin, a town on the other side of Nerbonne, that Monsieur de la Pivardière had been seen there alive and well subsequently to the fifteenth of August, the night of his asserted murder. Madame de la Pivardière continued to assert her innocence, and caused search to be everywhere made for her husband. From the letter that had roused her jealousy, she had an idea that he would be found at Auxerre or in the neighborhood. On inquiry, the whole story of his marriage under the name of Bouchet, and of his having filled the situation of huissier, came to light. Bouchet, or more

properly La Pivardière, himself, had been at Auxerre within the last few days; but had departed suddenly. The messengers sent by his wife tracked him and came up with him at Flavique. He was alive and well, and no one had ever made the least attempt to murder him. His account of himself was straightforward enough, and fully explained all that was mysterious in his disappearance.

"Scarcely," said he, "had I retired to my room on the night of my return to Nerbonne, when Catherine Lemoins came to me and told me that if I remained till morning in the château I ran the risk of being arrested. I knew that I had committed bigamy, and I knew that I should certainly be hanged if it were brought home to me. Fearing that my wife was in possession of the facts, and that she had determined to prosecute me, I did not neglect the timely warning the girl had given me. At four in the morning I left the château. I left my horse behind, because it was lame; indeed, I had been obliged to lead it the evening before, when I arrived. I did not wish to encumber myself with any luggage; I therefore left my cloak, my gun, and my riding-boots. I stopped the whole of the next day at Bourg Dieu. On the seventeenth I arrived at Châteauroux, and lodged for the night at the sign of the Three Merchants. On the eighteenth, I stopped at Issoudun, at the sign of The Clock, and thence I made my way to Auxerre, where I thought myself in safety from all pursuit."

When he was told of the danger to which his disappearance had exposed his wife, he was greatly distressed, but fancied that it would be an easy matter to set all right. He went before a notary and executed a deed, testifying to his identity, signed it, and had it properly formalized. He wrote to his wife and to his brother, telling them of his existence. That was not enough; his bodily presence was necessary. His second wife showed herself good and noble; she never reproached him, and showed no anxiety except that Madame la Pivardière should be delivered from her painful position. She urged her husband's departure, and, though fully aware of the risk he ran, he did not hesitate to set off for Nerbonne. On his arrival there, he found the château entirely gutted; nothing but the bare walls remain-

ing. He was obliged to go to his brother's house.

He presented himself before the Judge of Ramorantin, and demanded that he might prove his identity at all the places in and about Nerbonne, where he was so well known, which was accordingly done. At Lucé, he was recognized by the curé, by all the officers of the jurisdiction, and by a dozen of the inhabitants. At the village of Jeu, he entered church during vespers, and his arrival caused such a sensation, that the service was interrupted; every one there had fully believed him murdered, and they imagined it was his ghost which they now beheld. At length they were satisfied that it was the real La Pivardière; more than two hundred persons swore to his identity; the curé confirmed it; and his testimony could not well be suspected, as he was to succeed the Prior of Miseray, who as accomplice in the murder would lose all his benefices. He saw his little girl, who had given such fatal evidence against her mother, and she recognized him at once for her father. At Miseray every one knew him.

The Lieutenant-particulier of Chatillon, who had been the first to set the inquiry on foot, came to the reservoir at Nerbonne to search for the body of La Pivardière, who, being informed of the fact, presented himself before this functionary, and said:

"Do not lose time in dragging the waters for what you may find upon the banks."

The lieutenant, thinking he saw a ghost, was seized with such terror, that he turned his horse's head and galloped off at full speed. All this might have been deemed convincing; but when, as a last satisfaction, De la Pivardière presented himself at the prison of Châteauroux, where the female servants were confined, they both declared him to be an impostor.

One of them afterwards declared that the Lieutenant-particulier had ordered them with threats to disavow their master. What makes this somewhat probable is, that he had given strict orders that no one should be allowed to enter the prison or to see the prisoners; and he made a formal complaint against the judge and prévôt of Ramorantin, who had accompanied De la Pivardière.

The Procureur-général of Chatillon ordered a decree to be registered for the arrest of M. de la Pivardière, that further measures might

be taken for ascertaining the truth. This coming to his ears, La Pivardière, who could not run the risk of standing a trial for bigamy, which would in all likelihood have followed, did not stop to be arrested, but escaped from Chatillon in all haste, being assisted by the Lieutenant-général of Ramorantin. This magistrate drew up a statement, testifying to the identity of the Sieur de la Pivardière, which was signed by all his family; and then he departed to Auxerre, hoping he had left things in train for a speedy ending. But the intricate machinery of French justice, once set in motion, was not to be so easily stopped. All the different officials who had been engaged in the inquiry began to quarrel about their prerogatives, each declaring that the others had infringed his jurisdiction. The Lieutenant-particulier of Chatillon, who had been the first to stir in the affair, still persisted in drawing up a procès-verbal concerning the murder of a man who had proved himself to be alive! The Procureur-général took part with the officials of Chatillon; the Judge of Ramorantin, the friend of La Pivardière, was reprimanded for meddling with what was not within his jurisdiction. The Prior of Miseray was arrested, heavily ironed, and thrown into a dungeon. The case had become highly curious. There were De la Pivardière himself, his wife, and the Prior on one side, declaring that there had been no murder whatever committed; on the other side, there was the Lieutenant-particulier and the Procureur du Roi for Chatillon sur l'Indre, who insisted on proving, for the sake of public justice, that M. de la Pivardière had been effectually murdered, although no trace of his body could be found.

In this dilemma the Sieur de la Pivardière petitioned for a safe-conduct for four months, that he might appear in person, as his absence gave some color to the assertion of the opposite party, that he was an impostor; but without this safe-conduct he could not appear, because he would certainly have been tried for his bigamy and hanged. Except to those well versed in the method and technicalities of the French courts of justice of those days, it would be hopeless to attempt to render the course pursued in this case intelligible; there were pleadings before one magistrate, and counter-pleadings before another; instructions, counter-instructions, and re-instructions; judgments pronounced which were to pre-

judice neither party; and decisions the intention of which was to place everybody in the position they were before the pleadings began; and after fifteen days' arguing the cause it was remitted to another court to begin it afresh.

The venue, as we should term it, of the case, was changed to Chartres, and the prisoners were transferred to the prison of that city. At this stage of the matter, the second wife of M. de la Pivardière showed herself thoroughly generous. Moved with pity for all parties, she went to Versailles; and, through the interest of some influential persons, obtained an audience with the king, and entreated him to grant M. de la Pivardière a royal safe-conduct that he might appear without danger. Louis the Fourteenth—who had been informed of all the circumstances—treated her with great kindness, granted her request, and said that such a beautiful woman ought to have had a better fate.

Armed with this safe-conduct, dated Versailles, twenty-sixth August, 1698, De la Pivardière surrendered himself, and became a prisoner in Fort l'Evêque, at Paris, in order, as he declared, to substantiate that he was actually Louis de la Pivardière, squire, sieur de Bouchet, and husband to the lady Marguérite de Chauvelier. At length the cause came to a hearing. The most celebrated advocates in France were employed on both sides; and, after many days' pleading, D'Auquesseau, who was then the advocate-general, and afterwards chancellor of France, made a speech full of force and eloquence, in favor of Madame de la Pivardière and the others who had been with her. In spite of this, the judges were divided in their opinion, but at last pronounced in favor of the accused, and ordered them to be set at liberty. This, however, was not to be done so easily. M. de la Pivardière was set at liberty because he had rendered himself a voluntary prisoner; but, for the others, the meshes of the law were deliberately unravelled, according to the strictest forms. They were only placed in the position they were in before they were arrested. It was now necessary to prove that the deposition of the servants on whose testimony the accused had been arrested, was false. A trial was ordered. Before it came on, one of the women—Catherine Lemoins—died, and as it is gravely recorded

"Death quashed the prosecution against her." The trial, however, as regarded Catherine Lemercier went on, and was at last concluded. She was condemned to stand bare-foot, a cord round her neck, a lighted torch of two pounds weight in her hand, before the principal gate of Chatillon sur l'Indre, and there, kneeling down, to declare, in a loud voice, that she had wickedly and maliciously and with evil intent made the false statement set forth on the trial; for which she asked pardon of God, the king, and justice. After this, she was to be severely beaten with rods at all the chief thoroughfares; to be branded on the right shoulder; all she had in the world to be confiscated, and a fine from her goods to be paid to the king; she was to be banished for life to a certain distance, under pain of death if she returned. As to Madame Pivardière, and the prior, and other servants, they were declared quite innocent of murder, and even Madame's character as a wife was declared intact; and that there had never been any cause for scandal about the prior. All the accusations which had been registered against them were ordered to be blotted out, and all the parties were dismissed from the court. This decree was pronounced on the fourteenth of June, 1701; when the case had lasted four years all but about six weeks.

Notwithstanding the official clearing of her character, M. de la Pivardière held to his own opinion respecting his wife's conduct with the prior; he refused to return to Nerbonne; and, as his relationship to his second wife was quite upset, he obtained a small appointment from the Duc de Feuillade, who was his relation; he soon afterwards was killed at the head of his brigade in an encounter with some smugglers. His wife did not long survive. One morning the poor woman was found dead in her bed.

The second wife married again after her husband's death. All the four children of her first marriage died young. Her second husband died also, and she married again for the third time, and lived and died much respected.

The Prior of Miseray, who was the cause of all the woe, broke off all acquaintance with Madame de la Pivardière, and lived to a great age, dying at last peacefully in his convent.